THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVIII. Philadelphia, November 30, 1839. Whole No. 957.

From the Southern Lit. Messenger for Nov.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I've read in some old, wondrous tale—
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen;
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there—
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air!

Down the broad valley, fast and far,
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star;—
The ghostly host was dead!

I've read in the wondrous heart of man—
That strange and mystic scroll—
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
Beleaguered the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen;
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the river of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there
In the army of the grave—
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rustling of Life's wave.

But when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar,
The spectral camp has fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star—
Our ghastly fears are dead.

THE RIFLE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Concluded.

—Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
RICHARD III.

CHAPTER II.

It was in a log house, larger, and of rather more comfortable construction than was usually seen in that wilderness country, beside a fire that sent a broad and crackling flame half way up the capacious chimney, that there was seated, on the evening of the atrocious murder, in addition to its ordinary inmates, the young physician from whom we lately parted. His great coat, and overhalls, were laid aside; and he was conversing with that agreeable fluency and pleased expression of countenance, which denoted that he was happy in the society around him. Opposite, and busily employed in knitting, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen. From her work, which seemed to engross an unusual portion of her attention, she every now and then would send a furtive glance to the guest, thus telling in the silent language of love, the tale she never could have found words to utter. We say she was beautiful; and if a complexion so clear, that

The eloquent blood spoke through her cheeks; and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say of her, her very body thought;

if laughing blue eyes lighted up with intelligence and affection; if smooth and glossy auburn ringlets; teeth white as the snow around her father's dwelling; and a person which, though not tall, was well formed and graceful—if all these traits combined constitute a claim to the epithet, it certainly belonged to her. She was modestly attired in a dress of no costly material; and the little feet that peeped from underneath it, were clothed in white stockings of her own fabrication, and in shoes of too course texture ever to have been purchased from the shelves of a fashionable city mechanic. Yet that same form had been arrayed in richer apparel, and had been followed by glances of warmer admiration, than perhaps ever fell to the share of those who are ready to condemn her on account of her simple garb.

Catharine Wentworth was the daughter (at the time of this story, the only one,) of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the city of New York; but whom misfortune in business had suddenly befallen, and stripped of all his possessions. While surrounded by affluence, he had been considered remarkably meek and affable; but he become proud and unsociable in adversity; and not caring to remain among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated, with his whole family, to the wilds of Illinois. He was actuated in part, no doubt, by a higher and better motive. At that time he was the father of another daughter—Louisa, older than Catharine, who was fast falling a victim to that disease which comes over the human form like autumn over the earth, imparting to it additional graces, but too truly whispering that the winter of death is nigh.—The medical attendant of the family, perhaps to favor the design which he knew Mr. Wentworth entertained, intimated that a change of climate was their only hope. If it were right in us to detain the reader, and we possessed the power of exhibiting in the melancholy sweetness of reality, the progress of that interesting female to the grave, till at length she lay down in her attenuated loveliness to awaken in heaven—all who have hearts would moisten the relation with a tear. But we will not—we cannot:

Beneath the prairie turf she lies,
And sweetest wild flowers tread the sod;
Her stainless soul has sought the skies,
To dwell forever with its God.

How strangely does the human mind accommodate itself to almost any situation: the man who had spent his life, hitherto, in a sumptuous mansion, surrounded by all those elegances and means of enjoyment, which, in a large city, are always to be procured by fortune, now experienced, in an humble log cabin, divided into but four apartments, and those of the roughest kind, a degree of happiness that he had never known before. And well he might be happy; for he was rich—not in money—but in a better, a more enduring kind of wealth. His wife, two hardy and active sons, and the remaining daughter, Catharine, were all around him, smiling in contentment, and ruddy with health. We can only estimate our condition in this life, by comparison with that of others; and his plantation was as large and as well cultivated; his crops as abundant; his stock as good as any of the settlers on that prairie. He had still a better source of consolation: Louisa's death, the quiet of the country, and the natural wish of every active mind to create to itself modes of employment, had led him more frequently to read the Scriptures, than he had found leisure to do before; and this was attended, as it always is, with the happiest result—a knowledge and love of Him, "whom to know is life eternal." But I am digressing.

The family of Mr. Wentworth, with the addition of Charles Rivington, (whom indeed, we might almost speak of as one of its members; for, on the coming New Year's day, he was to receive the hand of "their saucy Kate," as the happy parents fondly termed her) were gathered round the fireside, conversing cheerfully on every topic that presented itself, when a light rap was heard at the door, and Mr. Rumley, the deputy sheriff of the county, entered the apartment. He apologised for his intrusion, by saying that having had business to attend to at a cabin farther up the prairie, which detained him longer than he suspected, he should not be able, on account of the darkness of the night, to return to town until the following morning; he therefore hoped that he might be accommodated with a bed. His request was of course readily complied with.

He was a tall, dark person, dressed much in the manner of the unfortunate hunter, except that his leggings were of buckskin. He had lost an eye, when a young man, in a scuffle with an Indian, two of whom sprang suddenly upon him from an ambush; and this, together with a deep scar on his forehead, received in a tavern brawl at New Orleans, two or three years before, and the wrinkles which age, or more likely his manner of life had ploughed, gave to his countenance a sinister and disagreeable expression. At the present time, the haggard appearance of his face was increased, either from having been a long while exposed to the cold, or from some latent sickness working on him; for his lip quivered and was of bloodless hue, and he was remarkably pale. Charles Rivington who often met him in his rides, was the first to notice the change from his usual appearance.

"You look pale and fatigued, Mr. Rumley; I hope you are not unwell."

"No, sir—that is—why yes, I do feel a little sickish; and should be glad to go to bed, if it's convenient," answered Mr. Rumley.

"Perhaps there is something that we can do for you, sir?" said the maternal Mrs. Wentworth.

"No, ma'am, I thank ye. I reckon a good night's sleep will be best for me; its what cures all my ailings." And in compliance with his wish, the guest was shown to his apartment.

One by one, the different members of this peaceful family sought their pillows, till soon Charles Rivington and the blushing Catharine were left sole occupants of the room. But though alone they were not lonely: he had many an interesting tale to whisper in the maiden's ear, (for it was almost a week since they had met!) and she, though something of a chatterbox, when none but her mother and brother were present, on this occasion betrayed a wonderful aptitude for listening. The hours glided rapidly away; and the gray morning was already advancing, when the happy young man imprinted a good night kiss upon her cheek, left her to those sweet dreams, which slumber bestows only upon the young and innocent.

CHAPTER III.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town where he resided, was seated in his office, employed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying, at the same time, on the table before him, when three men abruptly entered the apartment.

"You are our prisoner!" cried the formost of the party. "By heaven! Jim, look there; there's the very money itself. I can swear to that pouch." And here he rudely seized our hero by the collar.

"Stand back, sir, and lay hold of me at your peril," returned Charles Rivington, sternly; as, shaking the man from him he gave him a blow that sent him the other side of the office. "What is that you have to say? and if I am to be made prisoner, produce your warrant."

"You may as well submit quietly, Doctor Rivington," said another of the party, who was a constable. "You, perhaps, can explain every thing: but you must come before Squire Lawton. This is my authority, (showing a paper,) and it is only necessary to say, that suspicion rests on you, as the murderer of old Silversight, who was found shot through the head, on the road, this morning."

"Is it possible! poor old man, has he really been killed! When I parted from him last night, he was not only well, but seemed in excellent spirits," said the doctor.

"He parted from him last night! mark that, Buckhorn," said the one who had just received a severe repulse from our hero, and whose name was Carlock. "He left him in excellent spirits; mark what the villain says."

"There need be no jerring about it," replied Buckhorn. "Doctor Rivington, you tended me in my bad fever last spring, and agin when I had the chills in the fall, and you stuck by me truer than any friend I've had since my old mother died, except this 'ere rifle. I'm monstrous sorry I found it where I did. It may be so, that you've got a clear conscience yet; but whether or no, though old Silversight and me has hunted together many and many's the day, you shall have fair play anyhow, damn me if you shan't. That 'ere money looks bad; if it had been a fair fight, we might a' hushed it up some how or 'nother."

Our hero, while Buckhorn was speaking, had time to reflect that if Silversight was indeed dead, circumstances would really authorise this arrest. The rifle, which he was known to have carried with him from town, had been found, it seems, beside the murdered body. The money that the unfortunate man had entrusted to him, was discovered in his possession, and how could it be proved for what purpose it had been given to him? As these thoughts rushed rapidly through his mind, he turned to the officer, and observed.

"Mr. Pike, I yield myself your prisoner. I perceive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely, for a while, upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honor and fair dealing, until I shall either be enabled to prove my innocence, or Heaven places in the hands of justice the real perpetrator of the deed."

So saying, he gathered up the money from the table, and departed with the officer and his companions, to the house of Mr. Lawton, who, being a Justice of the Peace, had issued a warrant for his apprehension.

"I have always been glad to see you heretofore, Dr. Rivington," said the magistrate, politely, on the appearance of that person before him, "and should be so now, where it not that you are charged with a crime, which, if proved, will call down the severest vengeance of the law. I hope and believe, however, that you can establish your innocence. Where were you, sir, on the afternoon of yesterday?"

"I went out to visit some patients, meaning to continue my ride as far as Mr. Buckhorn's; and took his rifle with me from the gunsmith's, with the intention of stopping and leaving it, but I met with old Mr. Silversight at the cross-roads, who was going up from the New Settlements, and he offered to take charge of it, and I gave it to him. We parted at the forks, and I crossed over to Mr. Wentworth's."

"Did Mr. Silversight continue on his journey, having Jim Buckhorn's rifle with him?" asked the Justice.

"Yes sir; but before we parted, he gave me this money," handing the notes and specie to the Magistrate, "and requested me to pay it into the land-office to day, to clear out Mr. Richly's land. He said there was five hundred dollars in all, and I was counting it when arrested."

"There is a most unfortunate coincidence of circumstance against you, Doctor. The man is found murdered, the rifle which you were known to have carried lying near him, and you arrive in town on the next day with the money of the deceased in your possession. The poor old man's horse going home without his rider, excites alarm; Buckhorn and Carlock, with other neighbors, set out upon the track; they find the murdered victim, stark and bloody, lying on the snow, which was scarcely whiter than his aged head; they divide—some bearing the body back, while the others follow the trail; it leads them to Mr. Wentworth's, where you acknowledge you passed the night; they there enquire what person made the tracks which they had followed, and were answered it was you; they continue on your trail until you arrive in town: they make affidavit of these facts, and procure a warrant for your arrest, when to complete the chain of evidence, you are found counting the spoils of the murdered man. Now, sir, what answer can you make to these appalling circumstances?"

"They are appalling, indeed, sir," said our hero, "and I can only reply to them—I am innocent. If the poor man was murdered, the one who did it must certainly have left tracks; and I fear they have fallen upon his trail and taken it for mine. But it is in my power to prove that I had no weapon with me, except that unlucky rifle, and the gunsmith will testify that he gave me no balls with it."

"The gunsmith has already been before me," said Squire Lawton, "for I was loath to have you apprehended, except on an application backed by such proof as could not be rejected. He states that when he gave you the gun, the lock had been repaired, and polished, and that since that time it had certainly been discharged. I am sorry to do it, sir, but my duty compels me to commit you."

It is needless to dwell longer on this examination. Our hero was committed for trial, and so strong were the proofs adduced against him, that the magistrate, and, indeed, the whole neighborhood could scarce hesitate to belive him guilty. When the sun arose that morning, Charles Rivington was one of the happiest of men. Loving and beloved, his business increasing, his name respected, and the time rapidly approaching which was to bind him to his Catharine in the tender relationship of marriage—he looked back upon the glorious orb, as it burst up through the eastern heavens, with an eye of almost kindred brightness. How changed the scene at setting! its last rays fell upon him through the iron guarded window of a prison. Yet could we examine into the soul of the young man as he lay in one corner of the small and noisome apartment, on a bed of straw that had been spread for a former inmate, we should find, perhaps, though surrounded by the greater danger—the danger of dying an ignominous death, leaving a blot left forever upon his memory, he was still serene and happy. And why was this? He had a companion in that dreary place, whose acquaintance had been sought in the hours of prosperity, and who now, in the darkness of trouble, would not depart; a companion that can cheer us amid the revilings of the world, can pierce through the bars of a dungeon and whisper to the desponding spirit, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Charles Rivington was one of the too small number of young men who are not ashamed to be religious, "and verily he had a reward." The mere worldling similarly situated, would have been loud in imprecations, or dumb with agony; but, he upborne by conscious innocence, and knowing that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our heavenly Father, humbled himself in prayer before that Being "who is mighty to save unto the uttermost;" and he arose from the exercise with those tranquilized and invigorated feelings, which are its invariable result.

Nearly two years had elapsed since our hero emigrated to that western region. He was the youngest, and at the time of our narrative, the only son of a widowed mother, who had been doomed to follow successively to the grave, a husband, a lovely daughter, her eldest born, and two fine and promising boys. Sick of the scene were death had made such havoc, and crushed so many fragrant buds of promise, she consented to accompany her sole remaining child to a place where the newness of the country seemed to hold forth greater prospects of success, than was afforded to a young practitioner among the overstocked population of a city. Hitherto their expectations had been amply realised. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, provided for the Christian heart of that poor widow, a balm of sweetest efficacy. Her son was such a child as mothers pray for; he strove by redoubled filial attentions to supply the place of the lost ones to his parent; and her eyes seldom rested on his manly form, that they did not become watery, from the overfulness of gratified maternal love. Their family misfortunes had rendered his mind uncommonly ductile; and it was she who planted there those seeds of righteousness, which, as we have seen, sprang up and produced goodly fruit.

On the afternoon of her son's commitment, she was sitting in the parlor of the pleasant little house which they occupied, when Judy, an Irish girl, who had lived long in the family, remaining with them through all their trouble, came running, almost breathless, into the apartment.

"Och, mistress, and the Lord bless you," she cried, as soon as she was able to speak, "and preserve your old heart of breaking—but I've got bad news for ye."

"How often, Judy, must I repeat to you," said the pious old lady, interrupting her, "that it is extremely wrong to use the name of your Maker so familiarly on all occasions; 'the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.'"

"Botheration, ma'am, but I've no time to tend to that now——"

"Judy!" interrupted Mrs. Rivington, again, "how can you speak so——"

"Ma'am, will you be pleased to hear me," roared out the servant, at length fully restored to her voice, "are you going to sit her preaching, and let them murder Mr. Charles?"

"Charles! gracious Providence!" ejaculated the mother, catching the alarm of the menial, "what is the matter—surely nothing evil has happened to him?"

"Oh, nothing at all, at all, mistress," responded Judy, striving to speak calmly, that she might not too suddenly shock the trembling parent; then, unable to control her feelings, she sobbed out, "my poor dear young master's in prison."

"In prison!" exclaimed the astonished mother, turning quickly to the weeping girl, and grasping her arm—"Judy," said she, with the earnestness of agonised apprehension, "tell me the whole truth—you have seen me bear calmly before—what does this mean?"

"Ah, madam jist be quiet," returned the anxious servant; "it's only one of them drunken hunters what's kilt himself, and the blackguards want to lay it to poor Mr. Charles, because he's a yankee as they call it, and that's jist the whole of it."

"My boy accused of murder! my honorable, my pious boy? Father of mercies!" said the pale and agitated mother, sinking on her knees, "if this withered heart is doomed to receive another wound, if my last earthly prop is torn from me, oh! do thou give me strength to bear this greatest of afflictions, and enable me to say, thy will, not mine be done." She rose with renewed composure, and turning to her maid, "get me my hat and shawl, Judy," said she, "I'm glad it's no worse; this is but a passing cloud; for he is innocent, and his innocence will soon be manifest. I feared lest he might be sick, or thrown from his horse; but the Lord be praised who hath not tried his servant beyond her strength."

Such was the language of the exemplary Mrs. Rivington, as she walked out that evening, with the intention of visiting her son in prison. We will not accompany her; their meeting was such as will be anticipated from their enlightened and pious characters: and though the good woman was alarmed by the strength of the circumstance adduced against her beloved boy, yet not for a moment was her faith in the justice of the Almighty so shaken, as to permit a fear that the guiltless would suffer. But leaving them mutually striving to strengthen and encourage each other, we will ask the reader to accompany us into the kitchen of Dr. Rivington's house, whither Judy immediately returned on the departure of her mistress.

"She's a noble hearted woman, that's what she is," said the girl, whose admiration was excited by the Christian firmness she had seen exhibited; "she's jist the right sort of a mither for such a swait young gentleman as he is; and you, Jimmy," (turning to Buckhorn, who sat with a sorrowing countenance in a corner) "ye're a pretty blackguard ar'nt ye, to give information 'ginst a man what you know niver did harm in his born days. Ah git along with ye—I'm fairly sick of ye!"

"But, Judy, when we found the rifle laying by the dead body," answered the distressed young man, "I very natur'ly said to Carlock, that that was the best trial we could have: for I know'd old Silversight had been down in the new settlement, and so, says I, the man what got this 'ere rifle from Drill's, must be the murderer; but if I'd a-know'd it was the Doctor took it out, miss fire but I'd a held my peace, if I never could shoot buck again till I told it. I hardly believe he killed the old fellow, now."

"Now 'pon my honor ye're a great fool," responded the indignant Judy; "you hardly believe it, do you? I tell you what, Jimmy Buckhorn, the man as comes a sparking to me, if I set ever so much by him, should niver get my consent, if he was the means of putting the dear young gentleman into limbo, till he contrived ways and means to get him clare again. You don't b'lieve he's guilty! Arrah now Jimmy, I've told you afore I'a a sort of liking for you—but I'd sooner b'lieve you had murdered Mr. Charles as he did, if he was ever so provoked."

Buckhorn rose from his seat when the fluent and handsome Irish girl had finished her speech, and taking her hand. "Judy," said he, "my nag is tired down—but I'll get Rob Miller's—I'll go down and see the Doctor at the jail window, and find which way he went out to the head waters—then I'll follow up his trail from town, and see where he cut off to old Wentworth's, for it's sartin he slept there—and it may turn out that the villain's trail and his are two different ones. If so be that's the truth, I'll keep on the scent 'till I find out who the rail ruff'n is—and there's no time to be lost, for it may come up to snow, and that will fill up the track in short order. So, Judy, give me your hand, and there." continued he, kissing the blushing girl's lips, "there, I'll find out who the scamp is, or, in case that's impossible, if Doctor Rivington doesn't git clear, it shall be his own fault."

A heavy fall of snow did unfortunately occur that night, leaving the wide prairies as white and smooth as unwritten paper, and consequently depriving our calumniated hero of the most obvious, and apparently of every mode of substantiating his innocence. His confidence, however, in the Divine protection was undiminished; and nightly, from the silence of his cell, went up the inaudible aspirations of a soul that firmly relied on the goodness and justice of its prayer hearing Father. Nor did those pious orisons ascend unaccompanied through the still vault of night to the Almighty's ear: the aged mother's contrite heart was poured out in an agony of prayers; the parents of his affianced bride knelt often before the throne of Heaven for the welfare of their slandered boy, as in their affection they called him; and the blue eyes of Catharine wept supplications, and her pure and innocent heart, hitherto untouched by sorrow, except on the occasion of her sister's death, now continually sent unworded and unutterable appeals to her Creator, for her lover's life. In the meanwhile, week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for trial at length arrived.

CHAPTER IV.

The little village in which the sessions of the circuit were held, and which, for the sake of a name we will call Clarville, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it termed "the public square," in which stood a building answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of meeting house when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country. It fronted on the public road. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small, one-story edifice, about twelve feet square, and like the court-house, built of large hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. A large brick house, the only one in the town, was situated on the rear of the square, and was occupied as a hotel, as the traveller was informed by a huge sign suspended from a post at the road-side, where was conspicuously written in great yellow letters, under a burlesque likeness of General Washington, "entertainment for man and horse." A little further up the road, or main street as it was called, though there was but one in the village, on the opposite side, was another tavern of more humble appearance than the first. It was around these two public places of entertainment, that a numerous assemblage of persons collected on the morning when the important trial was to take place, all eagerly conversing on the crime of which the prisoner was supposed to be guilty; and many of them uttering no very moderate anathemas against the yankees, whom they pretended to consider, en masse, as rogues and cheats, and who, at least, were coming into the country to break up their old manners and customs. The women, who were plentifully sprinkled among them, seemed very willing to join in the general clamor.

"They're a monstrous fidgety people, say the least of them," observed the large fat wife of a farmer, and her sleepy eyes and unmeaning face assumed something like angry vivacity as she spoke. "They want a heap of waitin' on; and you don't get no thanks after all. Now there was old Wentworth—he tarried with us, you know, Carlock, on account of his da'tar, when he first came out here. Good coffee wasn't good enough for 'em: they must have a little tea to be sure. So I sent Johnny down the Settlement to git some; and I took a heap of pains to cook the truck—and what do you think? they wouldn't eat a bit on't after all. I don't much wonder neither; for 'twas bitter, nasty trash, as ever I'd wish to taste. But it's always the way with 'em; they make trouble just for nothing."

The remarks of the indignant woman were fully concurred in by most of her simple and unsophisticated hearers; but there was one among them who was obliged to thrust his tongue into his cheek, and turn aside, to prevent the dame from seeing his laughter. He was the merchant's clerk, and had heard the story before. The fact was, that never having used the article of tea in her life, the poor woman had caused a pound of it to be purchased, and boiling it all in a large kettle, served it up to her guests as greens for dinner.

"They tell," said the farmer, who had the reputation of being a wit among his fellows, and whose linsey-woolsey coat contrasted strangely with a printed calico shirt, the collar of which was ostentatiously displayed. "They tell me that old Silversight had a power of money when he was killed. It's kill or cure with these yankee doctors, anyhow: but that was the queerest pill to give a patient I've ever heard of; and he took the trouble off your hands, Carlock, and paid the bill himself out of the dead man's pocket hey?"

Such is a specimen of the idle talk with which the crowd amused themselves, until the court, at length, assembled, when, after the usual preliminaries, the important trial commenced. The prisoner had been supplied by his anxious and affectionate parent with all the little comforts which the narrow apartment admitted of, except fire and candles; they being forbidden on account of the material of which the jail was constructed. But the coldness of the weather had been excessive, during a part of the time that he was the occupant of that dreary abode; and the boundaries of his cell not allowing of much exercise, a sickness fastened upon him, which though not dangerous in its nature, had rendered him thin and pale. He came into court, arm and arm with the attorney who was employed to plead his cause; and slightly bowing to those whose friendly salute indicated that they believed him innocent, he passed through the crowd, and took a seat beside the lawyer within the bar. From the high and exemplary character which he had sustained invariably, from his first settling in the place, until the present black suspicion rested on him, a degree of intuitive respect was accorded by all, that must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. A plea of not guilty was entered, and the examination of witnesses commenced.

George Carlock was the nephew of the deceased. On the night of the 16th of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with a saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped for a while, perhaps, at Buckhorn's, who lived a mile or so farther down the timber; but, as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of trailing the horse. He called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail, and followed it till they found the dead body. Two young men that had joined them at Buckhorn's returned with the body, they continuing on the trail. It led them to Mr. Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there, that crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered that Dr. Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them. That Mr. Rumley, the deputy sheriff had also remained the night, but that he had come from further up on the same side. They followed on the trail, and found that there was a track from further up, most likely Mr. Rumley's. They continued on the track till they arrived in town. Being informed, by Mr. Drill, the gunsmith, that Dr. Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

James Buckhorn's testimony was in full corroboration of the preceding. He mentioned, in addition, that he examined the lock and barrel of his rifle, on finding it lying near the murdered man, and discovered that it had certainly been discharged, but a short time before.

The gunsmith deposed to his having given the rifle to the prisoner, on his offering to carry it out to Buckhorn, and that it had been discharged since.

"Mr. Drill," said Lawyer Blandley, who was counsel for our hero, "you mention having given the gun to Dr. Rivington; did you also give him a bullet that would fit the bore?"

"I did not."

"Did he exhibit any anxiety to obtain the weapon?" again asked the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the gunsmith; "I considered at the time that the Doctor's offer was one of mere kindness; and he had previously mentioned that he was going out that way to visit his parents."

"The bore of this rifle, Mr. Drill," continued the sagacious lawyer, "is very small. I presume that you are familiar with the size and qualities of all that are owned on the road out to Mr. Buckhorn's. Is there any house at which Dr. Rivington could have stopped and procured a ball of sufficient smallness?"

"John Gantry's rifle," answered Mr. Drill, "carries eighty-seven or eight to the pound, and one of his bullets with a thick patch, would suit Buckhorn's pretty well. That is the only one any where near the size."

The attorney for the people here asked the witness another question.

"For what purpose, sir, did the prisoner go into your shop, on the morning of the 16th December?"

"I was employed in repairing a pair of pocket pistols for him, and fitting a bullet mould to them. He came in, I believe, to inquire if they were finished."

"Please to note that answer, gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney. "Mr. Drill you may stand aside."

Samuel Cochrane was next called. He was one of the young men who had returned with the body of Silversight. On his way back, and about two hundred yards from the place where the murder had been committed, he found a copper powder-flask, (which was shown to him, and he identified it,) the letters C. R. M. D. being cut upon one of its sides, apparently with a knife. There was but one more witness on the part of the people, Mr. Lawton, the magistrate before whom the unfortunate prisoner had been examined. He testified as to the facts which were deposed before him, together with the acknowledgment of Dr. Rivington that he had been in company with Mr. Silversight, &c. But we may pass over these circumstances, as the reader is already acquainted with them.

The prisoner was now put on his defence; and all that talent and ingenuity could devise, was done by his skilful counsel. The witnesses were cross-examined, and recross-examined; but their answers were uniformly the same. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character, but their evidence was rendered unnecessary by the attorney for the people admitting in unequivocal terms, that previous to this horrid occurrence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. At length, wearied by his exertions, and distressed at their result, Mr. Blandley discontinued his examination: he had one more weapon to try in behalf of his client—the powerful one of eloquence; and it was used by a master of the art, but alas; was used in vain. He dwelt much on the fact that his unfortunate client had wished his route to be trailed from the village, and that Buckhorn had started for the purpose when the disastrous snow storm occurred, and took away the only hope he had of proving his innocence. He cited many cases to the jury in which circumstances, even stronger than these, had been falsified when their victim, murdered by their laws, was slumbering in his grave. He appealed to them as parents, to know if they would believe, that a son who had been so filial, whose character had previously been without stain or blemish, could suddenly turn aside from the path of rectitude and honor, to commit such an atrocious crime? But it would be useless to recapitulate the arguments that were made use of on this interesting occasion—they were ineffectual.

The attorney for the prosecution summed up very briefly. He assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatinated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder flask, such as the eastern people principally use, had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree engraven upon it—C. R. M. D.—Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine. The trail is pursued, and it leads them to the house of Mr. Wentworth, where the prisoner arrived on the evening of the bloody deed, and remained all night. They continue on the trail, till at last they find him with greedy eyes, bending over the plunder that he had torn from his grey-haired victim. "Such," he concluded, "is a rapid outline of the facts; and deeply as I deplore the young man's guilt, yet believing him guilty, it is my sacred duty to display his enormity—but further than the imperious call of justice requires, I will not—I cannot go."

The charge of the judge, who was evidently very much affected, occupied but a few minutes; and the jury retired to make up their verdict. I have already told the reader that the prisoner was pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his exposed situation in prison; but the appalling events of the trial had caused no alteration in his appearance. He sat firm and collected; and there was a melancholy sweetness in the expression of his countenance, which told that all was calm within. Indeed, the awful coincidence of the circumstances had been made fully known to him, before he came into court; he was convinced unless the interposing arm of heaven should prevent the blow, that death and ignominy must fall upon him, and, after a severe internal conflict he had become enabled to say, "Thy will be done."

His mother, by the assistance of that never failing comfort in sorrow, religion, had hitherto supported, with something like resignation to the divine will, this greatest earthly calamity. In compliance with the earnest request of her son, who was fearful that the feelings of nature might become too strong for control, and who wished to behave with manliness and equanimity through the trying period, she refrained from going to court, on the day that was, to decide, in a great measure, her mortal destiny.

Seated in the little parlor of their dwelling together with the weeping Catharine, the strength of whose love had drawn her to the spot, and awaiting with intense anxiety the issue of the laggard hour, was the mother of Charles Rivington, at the time which I have brought my narrative. She started at each noise that reached her ear, and every breeze that shook the casement seemed laden with the awful sentence of the law against her son. And yet that noble woman, though torn by the deep and awful solicitude which only a mother's heart can know, strove to speak the words of comfort to the lovely being beside her, whose affectionate bosom seemed bursting with affection.

"Weep not so bitterly," she said, "Catharine, my dear child; alas! I soon may have no other child than you. But no: the Searcher of hearts knows that Charles is guiltless, and will yet put forth his arm to save. What sound was that!—I am wrong to distrust his goodness: yet this is a heavy, heavy hour. I have knelt, Catharine, at the bedside of three lovely children, three little human blossoms, that death untimely cropped, and was enabled to bow with resignation to the inscrutable decree. But this, oh my Father," groaned the tortured parent, "suffer this bitterest cup to pass from me. Catharine, dry your tears: He whose powerful hand led forth unharmed from the fiery furnace, the three that would not renounce his name, will yet deliver my boy from the toils that are around us."

At this moment Judy was seen from the window running rapidly toward the house and directly after, pale and breathless, entered the apartment.

"Judy!" faintly cried the agonised parent trembling in every nerve, but unable to utter more.

"An', madam," responded the servant, "I know what you'd be asking me—tak' comfort, it's no decided yit; the juries has jist gone up stairs, to talk it over among themselves: and bless their swait souls, they cried a'most as I did mysel' when Mr. Blandley spoke to 'em. Ah, he's a nice gentleman, and he knows exactly what kind o' body, Mister Charles is. He described him jist for all the world as I would, only I couldn't use such words."

"The jury wept—there is hope, then, Judy?" inquired the parent in a faultering voice.

"Wept did they? yes, and the judge, and Mr. Wentworth could scarce give his evidence for crying—and they all cried, except Mr. Charles himself. He looked pale and sorrowful, but there was no blubbering about him. I niver see'd him look so ilegant afore. But I jist rin here to till ye how things was going on: I'll go back, and find what them juries says. I hope they may niver be able to open their ugly mouths, till it's jist to spake the word "innocent."

"Stop, Judy," said Mrs. Rivington, feeling unable to endure the horrors of another period of suspense. "I will go with you; I trust that heaven will give me strength to bear the issue, even should it be the worst that can befall!"

"Ye had better not, my dear mistress," replied the devoted servant; "for there are hard-hearted people about the place that b'lieve he's guilty, because he's a Yankee—oddrot their saucy tongues—and they must jeer at ye, because ye're his mother."

"They cannot—at any rate, I will go forth," said the afflicted woman, "he's my own, true, pious, noble-hearted boy; and his mother will be by to whisper consolation in his ear, though every tongue were loud in mockery and revilings."

"And I will go with you, mother," said Catharine, rising from her chair, and drying her tears, "I know he is innocent—and should the worst come, it is better to bear it at once, than linger here in such protracted anguish."

The assembled crowd was still anxiously awaiting the return of the verdict, when the mother of Charles Rivington, leaning on the arm of Catharine Wentworth, entered the court house of Clairville. A passage was instantly opened for them, with that intuitive respect which almost all men are ready to yield to misfortune, even when accompanied by guilt. They had not been long seated, in a part of the room where they could be most screened from observation, when the jury returned, and handing a sealed verdict to the clerk, resumed their places. The clerk rose, and read in a faltering voice, "we find the prisoner, Charles Rivington, guilty." The words had scarcely left his lips, when a piercing shriek ran through the apartment, and Catharine Wentworth fell lifeless to the floor. Not so with that Christian mother—with unwonted strength she darted through the assembly, until she reached her child: "my boy!" she cried, "Be of good cheer. Your heavenly Father knows your inmost soul, and sees that you are guiltless. We shall lie down together—for think not I can survive you—we shall lie down together to awake with the Lord—my boy—my boy! little did I think to see this bitter day"—exhausted nature could endure no more, and the mother fainted in the arms of her child.

I shall not attempt to describe the situation of my unhappy hero, for words are inadequate to the task. The insensible forms of his mother and beloved Catharine were conveyed from the scene: and when some degree of silence was restored among the sympathising multitude, the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. He had nothing to say to avert it, except a reiterated declaration of his innocence, and he besought the court, that the time previous to his execution might be made as brief as possible, in mercy to his bereaved parent, who would be but dying a continual death, while he survived. It was according fixed to take place on that day three weeks.

CHAPTER V.

It was near midnight of that important day—the busy throng which the trial had collected together were dispersed, and the moon, high in heaven, was waning on her silent course, through the clouds of a wintry sky, when Charles Rivington, startled from unquiet slumber, by a fancied noise at the door of his prison, and sitting up in his bed that he might more intently listen, heard his own name whispered from the outer side.

"Will you wake Mr. Charles!" was softly uttered in the sweet accent of our little Irish acquaintance, Judy. "Was there iver the like!" said she, "and he a sleeping at that rate, when his friends are opening the door for him."

"Be quiet, Judy," responded a masculine voice, but modulated to its softest tone, "and stand more in the shadow. The Doctor 'll wake fast enough, as soon as I git this bolt sawed out; but if ye gin that tavern keeper's dog a barking, there's no telling but it may wake the jailor, instead of the Doctor."

"And you're right Jimmy, dear," responded Judy, "there now, let go with your fingers, man: you can't pull it off that'ere way. Here, tak' this bit of a stake for the pry—and now, that's your sort, continued she, adding her strength to his, and a large end of the log to which the fastenings of the door were appended, fell to the ground. "Now, one more pull Jimmy, and the day's our own."

They accordingly made another exertion of united strength, when the prison door flying open Buckhorn and Judy stood before our prisoner.

"There, Mr. Charles, say nothing at all, at all, about it, but jist take Jimmy's nag, that's in the hollow, and get clare as well as you can.—There's a steamboat, Jimmy says, at St. Louis, going right down the river, and here's all the money that we could git, but it's enough to pay your passage any how," said the affectionate girl, tears standing in her eyes, as she reached to her respected, and, as she firmly believed, guiltless master, all her own hoardings, together with the sum which Buckhorn had been accumulating, ever since he became a suitor for her hand.

"You are a kind and excellent girl," answered Rivington, sensibly affected by the heroism and attachment of his domestic, "and you are a noble fellow, Buckhorn; but, you forget, that by flying I should only confirm those in the belief of my guilt, who are wavering now; besides, I could hardly expect to escape; for my life being forfeit to the law, a proclamation would be immediately issued, and apprehension and death, then, as now, would be my doom. No, no, my good friends; you mean me well but I cannot consent to live, unless I can live with an unsullied name."

"Ah, dear doctor," sobbed out poor Judy, whose heart seemed almost breaking, "what's the use of speaking about it? If you stay, you've but a few days to live, and if you tak' your chance now, who knows but the rail murderer may be found out, and then you might come back, Mr. Charles, and all would go well again."

"That is a powerful argument, Judy; but my trust is in Him who beholds all our actions," returned our hero, "and I must confess that I cannot divest myself of the hope, that the truth will yet be brought to light, before I die the death of a felon."

"Doctor Rivington," said Buckhorn, going up to him and taking him warmly by the hand, "I've been wavering all along about you; but I'm sartain now. The man that murdered Silversight in cold blood, would'nt be a going to stand shilly-shally, and the jail door wide open. I always was dub'ous about it, though the proof seemed so sure. My nag is down in the hollow, with saddle-bags on him, and Judy filled 'em full of your clothes; you may take him, Doctor, if ye will; you may take the money in welcome—but I, that come here to get you cl'ar, advise you to stay; and if I don't find out somethin' to turn the tables before hanging day it sha'nt be because I don't try."

Our hero exchanged with the honest hunter one of those warm pressures of the hand which may be termed the language of the soul, and conveyed to him by the eloquent action, more than he could readily have found words to express. They were now alarmed by the report of two rifles near them, fired in quick succession, and two persons issuing from the shadow of a neighboring horse shed at the same moment, made directly toward the door of the jail, crying out in a loud voice, "the prisoner has broke out! the prisoner has broke out!" Our friends, Judy and Buckhorn, were enabled to make good their retreat, as the object of alarm seemed more to secure the prisoner, than the arrest of his intended deliverers. It was not many minutes before a considerable number of the idle and the curious were collected by this clamor around the insufficient place of confinement, and effectual means were devised to prevent any danger of a further attempt at rescue.

The glimmer of hope which had been lightened up in our hero's heart by the last words of Buckhorn, and the confident manner in which they were uttered, gradually declined, as day after day rolled by, and no traces could be discovered of the real perpetrator of the crime. To add to the anguish of his situation, he learned that his beloved Catharine was confined by a wasting fever, to her bed; and that his mother, though she still bore up, and uttered not a murmur against the Almighty's will, was fast sinking of a broken heart into the grave. The evening previous to the fatal day which was to terminate his earthly career, at length arrived, but, brought no cheering promise with it; and the unhappy young man, therefore humbling himself before the throne of heaven, and beseeching that mercy there, which he could no longer hope for on earth, devoted a greater part of the night to prayer.

It was on the same evening, in a little mean looking cabin, called "Brown's tavern," in the place which we have before had occasion to speak of as the New Settlement, that two persons were sitting at a table with a bottle of whiskey between them, conversing on the general topic, the execution that was to take place on the morrow, when a third one entered, and calling for a dram, took a seat some distance from them. He was a tall, dark man, dressed in a hunting frock, and buckskin leggings; and held in his hand one of these mongrel weapons, which, partaking of the character both of rifle and musket, are called smooth bores by the hunters of our western frontier, who, generally speaking, hold them in great contempt. The apartment of the little grocery, or tavern, where these three persons were assembled, was lighted, in addition to the blaze of a large wood fire, by a single long-dipped tallow candle, held in an iron candlestick; and its only furniture consisted of the aforementioned table, with the rude benches on which the guests were seated. The conversation had been interrupted by the entry of the third person, but it was now resumed.

"For my part, as I was saying," observed one of the persons, in continuation of some remark he had previously made, "I think the thing's been too hasty. The Doctor's character, which every body respected, should have made 'em more cautious how they acted; especially as he wanted 'em to go right out on his trail, and said they'd find he had kept straight on to Mr. Wentworth's. Now he would'nt a-told 'em that, if it was'nt so; and I'm half a mind to b'lieve that he's not guilty, after all that's been proved again him."

"That's damned unlike," said the stranger, in a gruff voice.

"Why bless me, Mr. Rumley," continued the first speaker, "I didn't know it was you, you sat so in the dark. How have you been this long time? Let me see—why, yes, bless me, so it was—it was you and me that was talking with poor old Silversight the day he started from here with the money. I hav'nt seen you since. Why, ain't you a going to be over in Clairsville, to see the Doctor hung to-morrow?"

"I don't know whether I shall go or not," replied Rumley.

"Well, I have a great notion to ride over there, though I'm monstrous sorry for the poor man."

"Sorry, the devil!—hang all the cursed Yankees I say!" responded the amiable deputy sheriff.

"Come, that's too bad—though I like to see you angry on account of the old man's murder, because ye wasn't very good friends with him when he was alive—but bless me, Mr. Rumley, that powder horn looks mighty like old Silversight's," taking hold of it to examine it, as he said so.

"Stand off!" cried Rumley; "what do you s'pose I'd be doing with the old scoundrel's powder-horn. It's not his—it never was his—he never seen it."

"It's a lie!" cried a person who had glided in during the foregoing conversation, and had obtained a view of the horn in question, as the deputy sheriff jerked it away from the sight of the other: "it's a lie! I know it well—I've hunted with the old man often, and I know it as well as I do my own. Bill Brown and you, John Gillam," addressing himself to the one who first recognised the powder-horn, "I accuse Cale Rumley of old Silversight's murder—help me to secure him."

The deputy sheriff stood motionless for a moment, and turned as pale as death, (from surprise perhaps) then, suddenly recovering his powers, he darted across the room, and seizing his gun, before any one was aware of his intention, levelled and fired at his accuser. The apartment became instantly filled with smoke, which, as it slowly rolled away, discovered to the astonished beholders, the stiff and bleeding corpse of Caleb Rumley stretched at full length upon the floor. As soon as he discharged his piece, the infuriated man had sprung toward the door, designing to make an immediate escape, but the motion was anticipated by our friend Jimmy Buckhorn, (for it was he who charged his fallen antagonist with murder, and who luckily was not touched by the ball that was meant to destroy him, and with one blow of his powerful arm, he felled the scoundrel to the earth. He now rapidly explained to the wondering trio, the nature of the proof he had obtained of Rumley's guilt; and succeeded in satisfying them that he ought to be made prisoner, and immediately conveyed to Edgarton.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning which our hero believed was to be the last of his earthly existence, arose with unwonted brightness; and throngs of males and females came pouring into the little village, impelled by the mysterious principle of our natures which incites us to look on that which we nevertheless must shudder to behold. But no sounds of obstreperous merriment, no untimely jokes, were uttered as they passed along the road to grate upon the ears of the unfortunate Charles, and break him off from his communion with heaven: on the contrary many a tear was shed that morning, by the bright eyes of the rustic maidens, who were "all unused to the melting mood;" and many a manly breast heaved a sigh of sympathy for the culprit, who was that day to make expiation to the offended laws. Indeed, since the sentence of the court was passed a wonderful change had been wrought among the ever changing multitude, by various rumors that were whispered from one part of the wide prairies to another, and spread with almost incredible velocity. A thousand acts of unasked for benevolence were now remembered, in favor of him who was so soon to suffer. Here was an aged and afflicted woman he had not only visited without hope of reward, but upon whom he had conferred pecuniary, as well as medicinal comforts. There was an industrious cripple, who had received a receipt in full from the young physician, when creditors to a less amount were levying on his farm. And many similar acts of bounty were proclaimed abroad, by the grateful hearts on which they had been conferred, all helping to produce the change of sentiment which was manifestly wrought. Still the general impression seemed to be unshaken, (so strong had been the proofs) that in an evil hour, he had yielded to temptation, and imbrued his hands in a fellow creature's blood.

The hour at last arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square, and thither the sad procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal place with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectators guess that he shrunk from the horrors of such a death—for his eye had a calm expression, and the muscles of his face were as motionless as an infant's in slumber. They reached the spot. A prayer, a solemn prayer was offered up to heaven for the murderer's soul, in which every hearer joined with unaccustomed fervor. The sheriff's attendant stood in waiting with the fatal cord, while the agonised mother vainly endeavoring to emulate the firmness of her heroic boy approached with trembling steps to bid a last farewell, when, hark! a shout was heard—all eyes were turned to catch its meaning—another shout, and the words, "stop! stop the execution!" were distinctly audible. In less than an instant after, the death-pale form of Jimmy Buckhorn tumbled from his horse, with just sufficient strength remaining to reach toward the sheriff an order from the judge to stay the execution.

Reader, our tale is nearly at an end. Jimmy Buckhorn had been faithful to his word. He had sought for some clue to the real murderer, with an earnestness which nothing but a firm conviction of our hero's innocence, superadded to his love for Judy, could possibly have enkindled. For some time he was unsuccessful. At length the thought struck him that the track on the side of the stream where Mr. Wentworth resided, might have been caused by a traveller passing along, on the morning after the fatal deed, and the deputy sheriff, in that case might be the real culprit. He immediately set out to visit every cabin above Mr. Wentworth's, to see if the story that he had been farther up the stream, was correct. This took considerable time; but the result satisfied him that the tale was false. He then procured the assistance of a surgeon, imposing upon him secrecy, until the proper time for disclosure, and proceeded to disinter the body of Silversight. This was more successful than he had even dared to hope; the ball had lodged in a cavity of the head, and being produced, Buckhorn pronounced at once, from its size, that it could have been discharged only from Rumley's smoothbore. He set out directly for Edgarton, choosing to go by the way of the New Settlement, for a two-fold reason. He had heard that Rumley was in that neighborhood and to get possession of him, or of his gun at any rate, he deemed very essential. Besides, that route would take him by the house of the judge, and from him it would be necessary to procure an order to delay the proceedings. We have seen the result. But the chain of evidence was not yet complete.

A wild and dissipated young man, by the name of Michael Davis, who had just returned up the river from New Orleans, entered the office of the clerk of the county, on his way back to the tavern, from the place where the execution was to have taken place, in order to while away an hour until the time for dinner should arrrive. The powder-flask, which had been brought in evidence against our hero, was lying on the table, the graven side downward. There is a restless kind of persons in the world, who can never be easy, let them be sitting where they will, without fingering and examining whatever is within their reach—and such a one was Michael Davis; he accordingly took up the flask in a careless manner, and turning it over in his hand, his eyes fell upon the letters.

"Why, halloo, what the devil are you doing with my powder-flask?" asked he.

"I wish the unlucky article had been yours, or anybody's except the unfortunate Dr. Rivington's," returned the clerk, who was a friend of our hero, and deeply deplored the circumstances that had lately transpired.

"Unfortunate devil's!" reiterated Michael; "I tell you it's my flask, or article, as you prefer calling it; or rather it was mine and Cale Rumley's together. We bought it when him and me went down to Orleans—let's see, that's three years, come Spring. I ought to know the cursed thing, for I broke a bran new knife in scratching them letters on it."

The clerk started from his seat—he snatched the flask out of the hands of Davis—he gazed at it a moment intently—then the truth suddenly flashing across his mind, he rushed out into the road, forgetting his hat—forgetting every-thing but the letters on the flask. The magistrate, who grieved as much as any one, at the supposed dereliction of their young friend, the physician, was amazed to see the clerk enter his apartment in such a plight.

"There!" cried he, as he threw down the flask on the table, "C. R. M. D. spells something beside Rivington. Send your servant out of the room." As soon as he was gone and the door carefully closed, the clerk continued in a low confidential tone, "that flask is Caleb Rumley's, and Caleb Rumley is the murderer, (no wonder he has kept away all this while!) It belonged to him and that imp of Satan, Michael Davis together; and Mike Davis told me so, with his own mouth, not three minutes ago—and Charles Rivington's an honest man—huzza! huzza! huzza!" concluded he, as he skipped about the apartment, with the delirious joy true friendship inspired. The magistrate was a man of middle age, and very large and corpulent; but a mountain of flesh could not have kept him down, when such thrilling news tingled in his ears, and he too began to dance a jig, that shook the tenement to its foundation.

It became the duty of the worthy magistrate to commit, in the course of that very day, our respected friend, Caleb Rumly, Esq. deputy sheriff of the country of ———, to the same capacious tenement which Doctor Rivington had lately inhabited; he, with the consent of the Judge, being more safely disposed of in the prison of — his own house. A bill was immediately found by the grand jury, and the trial of the real murderer came on shortly after. For a long time he absolutely denied any knowledge of the death of Silversight; but as proofs after proofs were disclosed against him, first became doggedly silent, then greatly intimidated, and at last made a full disclosure of his crime. He was found guilty, and executed on the same gallows that had been erected for our calumniated hero.

The sickness of Catharine Wentworth was long and severe; but our friend Charles was her physician, and the reader will not wonder that it yielded at last to his skill. The Christian parent of our hero had been condemned, at different periods of her life, to drink deeply of the cup of affliction, and she had bowed with a noble humility to the decree of heaven: it was thence she now derived support in this most trying hour of joy. Spring had gone forth, warbling with her thousand voices of delight over those wide extended prairies, and the flowers had sprung into a beautiful existence at her call, when the hand of the blushing Catharine, herself a lovely flower, was bestowed in marriage on the transported Charles Rivington. Never did there stand before the holy man a happier, a more affectionate pair. Their hearts had been tried—severely tried; they had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. The house of Mr. Wentworth was the scene of their union; and on the same evening, and by the hand that bound her "dear Mister Charles," to his blooming bride, our little Irish Judy was united to the worthy Buckhorn, who had been prevailed upon, reluctantly, to lay aside his hunting shirt and leather leggings on the joyful occasion. The evening glided rapidly away, urged along by tales of mirth, and song, and jest, and it was observed that though Charles and Catharine took but little share in the rattling conversation of the hour, they appeared to enjoy the scene with happiness that admitted of no increase. Indeed, often did the tender blue eye of the beautiful bride become suffused with crystal drops of joy, as she raised them up in thankfulness to her Heavenly Father, who had conducted them safely through all the perils of the past, and at last brought them together under the shelter of his love.

"The whole trouble came out of your being so kind, Doctor Rivington," said the manly, though, in his new suit, rather awkward-looking Buckhorn. "It was all of your kindness in offering to bring out my plaguy rifle. If it hadn't been for that, suspicion wouldn't alighted on you at all."

"Now, hold your tongue, Jimmy, dear," answered his loquacious little wife; "I thought so myself, till Mister Charles explained it to me, and then I found out how 'twas the wisdom of the Almighty put it into his head to carry your gun; for how would you ever got on the true scent, if the big bullet hadn't tould ye for sartin that it was niver the small-bored rifle what kilt him. No, blessed be His name, that made thee, as he always will, goodness its own reward, and put it in the heart of my dear kind master, to carry out a great clumsy gun to an old ranger like you, Buckhorn. And, under heaven, the cause of all our present happiness, take my word for it, is THE RIFLE."

READING SHAKSPEARE.

BY T. MILLER.

Far in the wood's end, solitary gloom
Two maidens sat, beneath an aged tree,
In leafy summer's sweet expending bloom;
A brook rolled by in mournful minstrelsy,
Bordered with sweetest flowers and mosses curled,
There they communed with him whose fame yet fills the world.

And as the stream stole murmuringly along,
Their kindred fancies with its music rose;
And their ears caught Ophelia's dying song
Down the deep waters, sinking to a close;
A pensive willow, drooping from the land,
Lower appeared to bend, grasped by her pale, thin hand.

And huge fantastic trunks, knarled, old and gray,
Assumed the heath-hag forms in that dim scene;
The blending boughs, the while, shut out the day,
And formed a cave, where lips of vivid green—
Such seemed the leaves—were muttering mystic saws,
The pebbling brook, too, mocked the cauldron's bubbling groans.

And fairy visions floated gently by—
A merry train, that haunted greenwood dells,
Or as they willed it, swept through earth and sky,
Or made their homes within the wild flower bells;
Or down the silvery star-beams loved to glide;
Or on the moonlit waves in lilies ride,

And giant shadows passed in long array—
The mighty phantoms of a thousand years;
Spirits that filled the globe with sore dismay,
And deluged cities deep in blood and tears;
Egypt and Troy, and scenes of early ages
That will outlive all time, in his immortal pages.

Battles and banners swept before their eyes,
And many a sceptered king and stately queen;
Sorrow, and care, and tears, and heavy sighs
Beneath the imperial purple robes were seen;
And lovely nymphs, in gems and roses crowned,
To dulcet music moved, in many a mazy round.

And mask and revel glided through the wood,
And slow processions stole along the glades,
And the tall flowers that bent across the flood
Were changed to waving plumes and gleaming blades;
And shout, and drum, and trumpet's fearful clang,
Rent the still air, and through the echoing forest rang.

Shakspeare unlocked man's heart, laid bare a world—
Distilled its crimes and beauties, and then flew
To his own mighty mind, and from it hurled,
A new creation: forms that never grew
Beneath a mother's eye, before him moved,
And, as he chose, they lived, and wept, and laughed, and loved.

NOVEMBER.

November, with its loss of verdure, its frequent rains, the fall of the leaf, and the visible approach of winter, is, undoubtedly, a gloomy month to the gloomy; but to others, it brings but pensiveness, a feeling very far from destitute of pleasure; and if the healthiest and most imaginative of us may feel their spirits pulled down by reflections connected with earth, its mortalities, and its mistakes, we should but strengthen ourselves the more to make strong and sweet music with the changeful but harmonious movements of nature. In no system is there really any such thing as death: all is but change and vitality. We become either spiritual essences or new physical beings, or rather both; and, with November's leave, if Pythagoras did not shrink from the idea of being a bird, we do not see why Tomkins should be so fastidious. There are but two things that are really horrible—malignity and superstition: one, which disturbs the present world; and the other, which, beside disturbing the present, makes a Pandemonium of the greater part of the future. All other painful things are but follies; and indeed there are but of all follies the most painful.

There are many pleasures in November, if we will lift up our matter-of-fact eyes, and find that there are matters-of-fact we seldom dream of. It is a pleasant thing to meet the gentle fine days that come to contradict our sayings for us. It is a pleasant thing to see the primrose come back again in woods and meadows. It is a pleasant thing to catch the whistle of the green-flower, and to see the green-finches congregate. It is a pleasant thing to listen to the deep, amorous note of the wood-pigeons, who now come back again; and it is a pleasant thing to hear the deeper voice of the stags, making their triumphant love amidst the falling leaves.

Beside a quantity of fruit, our gardens retain a number of the flowers of last month, with the striped lily in leaf; and in addition to several of the flowering trees and shrubs, we have the fertile and glowing China-roses in flower; and in fruit, the pyracantha, with its lustrous red berries, that cluster so beautifully on the walls of cottages. This is the time, also, for domestic cultivators of flowers to the very busy in preparing for those spring and winter ornaments, which used to be thought the work of magic. They may plant hyacinths, dwarf-tulips, polyanthus-narcissus, or any other moderate-growing bulbous roots, either in water-glasses or in pots of light dry earth, to flower early in their apartments. In glasses, the bulb should be a little in the water; if in pots, a little in the earth, or but just covered. They should be kept in a warm, light room.

The trees generally lose their leaves in the following succession: walnut, mulberry, horse-chestnut, sycamore, lime, ash; then, after an interval, elm; then beech and oak; then apple and peach trees, sometimes, not till the end of November; and lastly pollard-oaks and young beeches, which retain their withered leaves until pushed off by their new ones in spring. Oaks that happen to be stripped of their leaves by chaffers will often surprise the haunter of nature by being clothed again soon after mid-summer with a beautiful vivid foliage.

The farmer endeavors to finish his ploughing this month, and then lays up his instruments for the spring. Cattle are kept in the yard or stable, sheep turned into the turnip-field, or in bad weather fed with hay; bees moved under shelter, and pigeons fed in the dove-house.

Among autumnal pleasures, we ought not to have omitted the very falling of the leaves:

"To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round."

Toward the end of the month, under the groves and other shady places, they begin to lie in heaps and to rustle to the foot of the passenger; and there they will lie till the young leaves are grown overhead, and spring comes to look down upon them with her flowers:

"Oh Spring! of hope, and love, and youth and gladness
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy, thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet."

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

KEEPING OF MULTICAULIS OVER WINTER.

As great numbers of multicaulis trees will be taken up this fall and kept out of the ground all winter, for purposes of sale, and by many, under an apprehension that they will be injured by the inclemencies of the season, it is deemed proper to devote a portion of the present number, to the best mode of preserving them. Let us be understood, however; if the trees are growing on high dry situations, (the more stony and gravelly the better,) and the trees are not wanted for any purpose till the opening of spring, the best and most certain method of preserving them, is to leave them where they are. In such situations we have never known a tree, or a limb, or even a bud, to be injured by winter. This is our own practice invariably. We never even take off the cuttings we intend to plant in the spring till we have got the ground ready for them, in March or April. But where early frosts, and late spells of warm weather between them, late planting, &c. have caused a considerable quantity of unripened wood at the extremities to remain at the fall of the leaf, all this unripened wood should be cut off before the severe cold approaches—say immediately after the leaves have fallen,—and buried in the ground as follows; select the highest and driest situation in the field or garden, if possible on the north side of a house, barn, or high board fence, (but not under trees,) where the sun never shines in winter. Lay the cuttings on the top of the ground, side by side, near together, but not touching; cover the first layer with loose fine earth one inch. Then lay on another layer of cuttings, side by side, as before, and then another layer of earth, and so on till you have laid all the cuttings down, taking care to press the earth firmly. Then throw on earth, covering the whole about one foot deep, and packing the surface firmly, and forming the top of the pile into the shape of the roof of a house that it may throw off the water. If you have one thousand branches you wish to preserve, lay down one hundred in each layer, and then you will have ten layers. The earth which you use should be taken from a ditch, which you will dig around the pile, and this ditch will serve as a drain to draw off the water from the pile of cuttings. Care must be taken that no interstices be left among the cuttings, as the confined air in them will cause mildew, and of course the loss of the cuttings. The situation should be protected from the sun as much as possible, that the pile may remain frozen all winter, as it is the occasional freezing and *thawing* that injures unripened wood. It should not be exposed to the dripping from the eaves of the house, or from trees, as that saturates the pile with water. This unripened wood, thus preserved, if taken from the pile in the spring and immediately planted without unnecessary exposure to the air, will grow and make as fine trees as the best matured wood.

Where trees must necessarily be taken up and kept out of the ground during the winter, the best mode of preserving them is to bury their roots in the ground in an erect position, in some situation perfectly protected from the sun. Where a large number are to be protected, a long shed that will shelter them from the sun, should be erected, open at the sides and ends, that a free passage may be afforded for the air. The situation should be the highest and driest at command, and the more open to a northern exposure the better.

Once for all, let it be said, that the morus multicaulis is never injured by cold, however intense it may be; that they are only injured in winter by the sudden application of heat while in a frozen state; and that the only protection they require during winter, is to be protected from HEAT, at all times.

Supposing that a shed, as above mentioned, has been erected for the purpose, the trees may be set as close as possible, merely throwing a little earth between the roots, and when all are set, the trees left standing as if they had grown there. If any part of the roots appear above ground they should be covered by the application of a shovel full of earth. If the soil be of a sandy quality, it is the best. Clay soil should be avoided, as it cannot be placed about the roots without leaving cavities, which will cause mildew.

Cellars, open at the north and south sides, will answer a good purpose, provided they are on high situations; but if at the foot of hills, they will not do, unless on the north side of the hill, as they are apt to be too damp, and thus in warm spells of weather, to engender mildew.

The next best plan for the preservation of trees, is that laid down for the preservation of unripe wood, at the beginning of this paper.—It is a very laborious plan where a large number of trees are to be preserved, but it is worthy of all the labor required in the present state of things—where the tree is so valuable.

When trees have been preserved by burying, as in the case of unripe wood, they are in so delicate a condition in the spring as to be incapable of bearing much exposure to the dry atmosphere without injury, and, therefore, should be planted as soon as possible after being taken out of the pile.

When trees are preserved in close cellars, in sand, they are apt to become mildewed, and of course killed. If they are entirely buried in sand in a close cellar, they are often preserved in perfect condition, but are liable to grow, from the warmth of the cellar, and thus become injured. In such cases the only remedy is to ventilate the cellar by opening windows on the north and south sides, and keeping ice in the cellar, and thus cooling it. Take it for granted, that you cannot hurt the trees by cold in any situation where the sun cannot shine on them.

Be careful of the roots of the trees, when taken up from the ground where they grow; the roots should not be exposed to the sun, nor to frost in the open air. For if the root be injured by drying or frost, the whole tree may be lost. The root is the most delicate part of the tree, and when that is injured, the whole tree is almost certain to be lost. If the root be frozen, and suddenly exposed to the sun, the tree is inevitably destroyed. We have seen trees that presented a fine healthy appearance, they looked plump, the buds sound; but on examining the roots we found them shrivelled, or mildewed, in spots, the bark rotten and easily removed. These would generally be taken for good trees for cuttings, and we have seen many such sold for propagation. But on cutting up these trees into cuttings there will appear a dark colored ring around the wood under the bark, showing that decay has commenced. The buds of the cuttings will generally grow an inch or two, but then, not capable of making roots, they wither and die. We have seen millions of cuttings fail from this cause, and in this way the past season, the cause of the injury was, probably the freezing of the roots and their exposure to sun or air while so frozen, or the roots may have become shrivelled and dry from exposure, and thus lost their vital circulation.

The multicaulis may be kept in perfect condition from the fall of the leaf in the fall, till late planting time in the spring; may be transported from country to country, and passed from hand to hand, with proper care. From the time it ceases growing in the fall, till the proper season for its commencing growth again in the spring, it may with proper attention be used as an article of merchandise with perfect safety. But it cannot "*stand every thing.*" The roots must never be allowed to become dry, nor will it do to keep them moist by the application of water. They must be able to take up from the surrounding medium, whether that be earth, moss, or sand, that peculiar moisture, (or water in an extremely minute division of its particles,) adapted to the extremely small absorbent vessels of its roots. You will drown a tree by a long continued immersion into water, as well as an animal; whereas, if the roots had been surrounded by moist earth, or moss, it could have imbibed a sufficient degree of moisture to preserve it. Keep the roots of the trees from drying by exposure to the air, light, or sunshine, and you may rely upon the trees being preserved.

Purchasers of trees are cautioned against receiving, either in the fall, winter, or spring, any tree as sound, the bark of which has become *shrivelled*. It is as much a sign of death in vegetation, as is the recession of blood from the surface of animals a sign of death in them. It is true that the multicaulis is so tenacious of life that we can sometimes resuscitate a tree after the bark has become shrivelled and dry; but it is difficult, and not often accomplished. At all events purchasers should never receive trees in that condition. We attribute most of the failures of cuttings the past season, to the bad condition of the cuttings planted. We saw many trees sold, and planted too, the bark of which had become perfectly shrivelled and dry, and were greatly surprised at the delusion of both seller and buyer. Let purchasers also examine the roots of the trees they purchase. If they are shrivelled and very dry, or if the bark be rotten to any extent, reject them; for, though the tops may be plump and fresh, the injury to the roots will have extended to the whole top under the bark, though it cannot be seen. As above remarked, on cutting the body of the tree, a dark color will be observed around the surface of the wood under the bark, and the cuttings will not make roots. G. B. S.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

London and Paris Fashions.—We are enabled by the late arrival to give our fair readers the fashions at the earliest date. Fur articles, will be almost exclusively in vogue this winter, and will be substituted for lace in most of the trimmings; they are greatly in demand. Gowns and satin habits will be trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce of fur, and, for this purpose, preference will be given to chinchilla, that beautiful and delicate fur, whose shade blends so harmoniously with either blue, green, pink, or white satin. Ermine will also contribute its aid to temper the cold blast of winter, thus fashion has decreed, that, upon quitting the ball-room or opera, nothing in the way of an extra envelope should be preferred to pelisses lined throughout with ermine. Boas, it is expected, will once more resume their former control, and small muffs be worn as last year. The fur of the sabeloni, or Canadian martin, will be used as ornamental trimmings for various shades of velvet. Pelisses of black satin are to be in fashion this winter—they must be worn very short, and wadded or lined; with some warm and thick material. The upper part of this dress is to be full of plaits, of one piece, and puckered at the shoulder. Large satin or velvet shawls wadded and trimmed with fur, or even lace, will be more in vogue than ever; there is also another variety, namely, satin shawls richly embroidered, and with deep fringes; it must not be forgotten to mention the black velvet shawl, with the lower border ornamented with stars, flowers, and other figures in jet, its effect is admirable; those made of figured velvets are extremely handsome, and have been ordered by many fashionables. The shades chiefly selected for linings of shawls are blue, violet, and green, the vivid colors of last year become too common to retain the vogue. The votaries of fashion must be made acquainted with that charming innovation, the small pelerines of velvet worn in half toilette; their form is that of a cape, and they cross in front like a neckerchief, *a la paysanne*, the points rounded off; the top turns back upon the neck, and they are lined throughout with fancy colored satin. By means of a little lacing on the shoulders, the pelerine can be adapted to the shape of the wearer: the lacing terminates with two tassels, which rest on the sleeves, and produce a very graceful effect. These pelerines should be trimmed all around with black lace, they are very becoming over a white dress, and have the advantage of being at the same time elegant and warm, qualities, at least the latter, not to be despised at the present season.

Saturday Evening Post.

Edited by

G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C." shall be inserted. We have revised and retouched his article—will he like it?

"J. S. C." is on file. The lines are quite meritorious indeed.

"S. H." we shall publish, although it is written in such a cramped hand and on such a *morceau* of paper, that it is with difficulty we can decipher it. *Nevertheless* the verses are good.

"Juvenal," is not half so witty as he imagines.

"Carlos." His puns will not answer. It is *pun*-ishment enough to read them.

"Louisa," we are delighted with. Her poems, like her presence, are always welcome.

"Troubadour's" songs are not to our taste. Is not the following a *bonne bouche?*

> "Oh! Lady fair! come to me, dearest!
> Sweet as is candy to little one's lips,
> Is thy love to this *vest-covered* bosom,
> *Fen slip!*"

That last observation is really *marvel*-lous.

"Pedro." His style may be termed of the "composite" order. It is half stolen and half original; but, the worst of it is, the two are rather shabbily dove-tailed. The "end sticks out." Vide the following delicacy:

> "I'm sure that the smoke which so gracefully stole
> From out my cigar at the dead of the night,
> Resembled a mouse peeping out of a hole,
> And I said to myself what a glorious sight."

Several other communications are *grate*-fully disposed, and several that we were unable to read, we have been compelled to let others de-*sigh for*.

CREDIT ON NEWSPAPERS.

We are pleased to perceive that a reform of the credit system in the newspaper world is becoming general, and that men of standing and ability are determined no longer to waste their talents and means by suffering their bills to go unpaid for years. Nearly all the well conducted newspaper establishments are giving their patrons notice, that they will hereafter require the money from *new* subscribers invariably in advance, and they at the same time notify their current subscribers that one year's credit is all that can be allowed. It is the only safe principle, and if at once adopted, will be found the most advantageous for all parties. As for ourselves we desire to be understood very clearly, WE INTEND TO ADOPT THE MEASURE, and as we are about to appear in our new dress, we shall make but very few visits to those who have suffered their bills to stand over one year, and shall expect those who are in arrears that length of time to forward their subscriptions at once. Those who desire the paper need not order it without sending the money. We have a good list of warm friends and *true;* and we shall therefore smoke our pipe in peace and quietness, and with the consciousness that we are laboring for those who are worthy. We hope to dazzle the eyes of some folks shortly, and we shall expect our friends the farmers, to be ready with a stout mug of cider to welcome us.

Miss Shirreff's Concert.—Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson gave their first concert on Wednesday evening last at the Philadelphia Museum. The large saloon was crowded to excess with a most fashionable audience. "Meet me in the Willow Glen" and "The Rapture Dwelling" were sung by Miss Shirreff with inimitable sweetness, the latter song was encored three times by the audience. There is so much sprightliness and vivacity as well as grace and beauty about this young lady that we do not wonder at her popularity. Mr. Wilson sang "Rory O' Moore" and the "description of the Life of a Brigand" with much power and effect. The duett by Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson—"The Berks of Aberfeldie" was well performed, and it received the decided approbation of the audience.

In one thing, however, we must be permitted to find fault with the lady—her articulation is very imperfect—even in her best song "The Rapture Dwelling" we doubt much whether half the audience unacquainted with the words of the song, knew whether the lady was singing Dutch or Italian. This is a common fault with professed singers.

Death by Suicide.—A German named Kaiffer, recently committed suicide at St. Louis.

LATE AND INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

We regret to learn by the Columbia steamer at New Orleans, bringing dates from Galveston to Nov. 7th, that the yellow fever is prevailing there and at Houston with alarming mortality. During the five days the Columbia lay at Galveston there were 26 deaths, among them Mr. Gladwin, editor of the Galvestonian. The steamer of war Zavala, and one or two other vessels of the Texan navy, were shortly to visit New Orleans. The treasury notes in circulation were two millions—public debt four millions. An important piece of intelligence, confirmatory of previous rumors which had been doubted, is that Canales, commander of the *Federal* forces, was concentrating his troops, amounting to 1300 men, on the Rio Grande.—More important still, is the statement that Captain Ross, who had been sent by the Texas government to protect the settlements on the Nueces, has, with his company of 80 men and 400 other Americans, joined the forces of Canales. Also 100 Indians of a warlike tribe, living near Mier. The whole were well armed, and had plenty of ammunition, but no cannon. The greatest degree of enthusiasm existed among these troops, and their object was to recover the province of Rio Grande, attack first 800 centralist government troops in Mier, and then march on Matamoros. This movement may be the beginning of another revolution, and may result in an independent confederation of the northern provinces of Mexico, forming an Anglo-Spanish republic between Texas and Mexico. Should they prove successful, Texas will become the rallying point or place of transit for bodies of adventurous men from the United States, who will eventually plant on the richest portion of Mexico, abounding in mines of gold and silver, the standard of freedom and of republican institutions. Sooner or later the march of Anglo-Saxon power must subdue all that country to the shores of the Pacific.

LATE FROM RIO JANEIRO.

By the arrival of the brig Gen. Pinckney at Baltimore, we are in possession of news up to Oct. 5th.

"The subject of the financial measures about to be adopted by the Government was the principal matter which engaged the public attention. Money had been very scarce, treasury bills being negotiated with difficulty at 12 per cent. but the market subsequently became a little easier. The sales of coffee during the month were 18,000 bags, and the stock about 10,000 bags.

Advices had been received at Rio Janeiro from Rio Grande dated the 24th September, and from Porto Alegro dated the 19th ditto. Another successful sortie had been made from the latter place, in which the rebel commander Joas Lôao, his brother, and about 90 men were killed. Calderon had arrived within about 15 leagues from Rio Grande, with a reinforcement for the legalists of 450 men, and 2000 horses; another reinforcement of 300 men, commanded by Jeronimo Jacintho, had arrived.

It was reported that Bento Gonsalves had been persuaded by Bento Manoel, to leave the rebel cause; other accounts state that he had been seized by the latter.

Private information led to the belief at Rio de Janeiro, that all the rebel chiefs, Netto excepted, had resolved to give themselves up to the government; but it remains to be seen, whether the change in the ministry may not interfere with such intention.

Young Villains.—Two young men one named James C. Prevost, formerly an apprentice to an engraver in New York named Dearborn, the other an apprentice to Durand & Co. bank note engravers, have been arrested in New York for supplying a couple of notorious counterfeiters with the bank note plates deposited for safe keeping in the safe of Durand's office.

The two counterfeiters, it appeared, got the two apprentices to engrave a plate for a $5 note, on the Merchants' Bank of Boston, for which they agreed to pay $150. The plate was completed, and three hundred impressions were struck off late at night, in Dearborn's office, the apprentice having provided himself with a key to obtain entrance. One of the counterfeiters proposed to have it delivered to him at night, at the cave in Hoboken, whither Prevost went with it. On arriving there several men sprang upon him, and one seized the plate and ran off with it. Prevost grappled one of them and they both rolled down a precipice about 30 feet high. The fellow he grappled with was left insensible on the ground, and he returned to the city, having received but $10 for the plate. A day or two after, one of the counterfeiters again called on them, and offered them $160 if they would agree to secure three genuine bank note plates, one of a post note of $500; one post note of $1000, and one of a post note of blank amount, and on a bank of that city, which were locked up in Durand's safe. The plates were secured, and next day taken to Mr. Dearborn's office, where a supply of ink and paper was had in readiness, and 200 impressions of the $1000 plates were worked off. Their operations, however, were discovered, and they arrested, and thus a most stupendous fraud prevented. Prevost and his companion are now in prison, awaiting their trial.

LITERARY.

The Casket—*G. R. Graham, & Co. Philada.*

The ornament to the present number of this old, and deservedly valued Magazine, is a gem, in the way of engraving. It is entitled the "Fruit Seller," and is a picturesque and voluptuous representation of an Indian Girl, standing beside her basket, musing upon the probable disposition of its rich contents. The countenance of the girl is a sweet one, full of thought, and beaming with expression. "My Mother in Heaven," is a delicious poem, replete with tenderness, and yet marred by a carelessness of diction, which the young writer—Miss E. H. Stockton—should sedulously avoid. "The Painter's Dream," by Miss C. H. Waterman, is particularly fine. It is replete with delicate imagery and choice language. "The Return" is well written, but exhibits a want of tact on the part of the writer, in its construction. True pathos can rarely be reached in lines of such diminished measurement. Of the prose articles, we should like to speak at length, but have not leisure to peruse them satisfactorily, to that end. The "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio," and "Cruizing in the Last War," are evidently, however, from practised pens, and no commendation of ours could add to the reputation of the authors. The "Tale of Truth" looks like a very good one. D.

Jack Sheppard—*Lea & Blanchard, Philada.*

This is one of the most interesting works we have ever perused. We doubt if an individual can be found so devoid of curiosity as to be induced to lay aside "Jack Sheppard," without devouring with intense avidity both of the crowded volumes. The character of the hero and his adventures are somewhat exaggerated; but so graphically delineated as to fascinate the reader with their development. We need say no more, as doubtless every body will procure the novelty itself.

Walks and Wanderings—*Carey & Hart.*

Mere trash. A futile compound of bad language and idle sentiment.

The Lady's Book—*L. A. Godey, Philada.*

The December number of this popular periodical contains several articles of merit, beside a colored engraving of the Fashions, and a very pretty little Sea view indeed. Of the poetry, we like "Old Relics," by Miss Waterman, best, although we think

> "Memory's moonlight ray doth shine,"

a hurried and feeble expression. Mrs. Sigourney's poems we once entertained a great affection for; we begin to suspect that her graphic power and beauty of thought tames with the wear of years. "The Song of the Dying Improvisatrice" is correct and creditable. The prose articles of this number are all praiseworthy; some of them excellent. A thrilling Song of Mrs. Hemans's, set to Music, by Norton, is also an embellishment it contains, not to be overlooked.

"Kinne's Blackstone—Questions and Answers," *Thomas Cowperthwait, & Co.*

Blackstone's Commentaries have long been celebrated as the best compilation of the English law, that has ever been attempted, and the only way to make a thorough lawyer is to become as well acquainted with the four volumes of Sir William, as with one's alphabet. The present book is a kind of key to those invaluable volumes. As a guide to the preceptor, a *help* to the student, and the occasional companion of the practising lawyer, it is useful in a high degree. We commend it as a clue to the labyrinth of the intricate science of the inimitable Vinerian professor. But to a student who would be disposed to rely upon it, as a relief from laborious research in the original volumes, it would be hurtful in the last degree. They cannot make themselves lawyers, scholars, or statesmen, without severe study in their respective branches. This is the second edition of the work, and it has been much improved by the author, Mr. Asa Kinne, of the Natchez bar. The present edition contains a valuable addenda, in which the student will find the translations of the various phrases of Latin, Greek, or Norman French, which in the beginning of study perplex the learner. We commend the work to any one, as containing a brief and correct analysis of the English law.

A NEW PLAY BY BULWER.

Bulwer is rapidly becoming the most successful of living dramatists. As far as our individual taste is concerned, his dramas are too poetic for ordinary representation—too full of genius, dazzling and bewildering to the common eye, to please the common understanding. As finished poems for perusal in the quiet closet, they are beyond all praise; being as unexceptionable in sentiment as they are delicious in language and machinery. The new play is entitled the "Sea Captain, or the Birthright," and appears to stand a chance of becoming eminently popular. We copy the following sketch of its material from the *London Times, 16th October.*

In the first act we are introduced to Norman, a sea captain, who does not know his parents, but has been brought up by an old priest. He is in love with Violet, a kinswoman of Lady Arundel. This latter has a son, a wild, giddy youth, Lord Ashdale, whom she dotes on. He also has an affection for Violet, which his mother does not approve, as she entertains higher views. We then find that Lady Ashdale is greatly held in fear by Sir Maurice, a distant relation, and miserly old man, who knows some dire secret, by which he can extort money from her. Norman has a meeting with his mistress, and is met by Lady Arundel, who, to the surprise of Violet, is not stern as usual, but invites the stranger courteously to the Castle.

In the second act Lady Arundel discovers to Sir Maurice that Norman, whom she seems to know, while the miser seems perfectly aware of some mysterious meaning, is under the roof, and that she knows of his love for Violet, which she intends to favor, and aid them to fly to some distant land. Sir Maurice, who but for her ladyship's son (we anticipate by the plural number) would be her next heir, tells Ashdale of this scheme, in hopes that he may raise up a quarrel between him and Norman, which may terminate in blood. Then comes a scene, where Norman is at table with Lady Ashdale and Violet, and recounts the perils of his life. Till his fourteenth year he lived with a priest, was then decoyed to sea by a pirate, who put him in chains for a while, and afterward freed him, when out of sight of land, assuring him that the gold of his unknown parents had caused this ill-usage. Indignant, he attempted to stab the pirate, but was thrown overboard. Rescued by a seaman, he followed him through several engagements, and was finally rewarded with his wealth. Having ended his tale, he is left alone with Violet, and is nearly involved in a quarrel with young Ashdale, who grows jealous.

In the third act Violet's flight is agreed on; she is to meet her lover at an old chapel, and the white plume in Norman's hat is to mark his figure in the night. Sir Maurice tells the lady that Onslow, a priest, has certain documents, at which she is dreadfully frightened, and bribes the old knight to get them. He has overheard the arrangement for Violet's flight, and communicates full particulars to Ashdale. Gausen, a pirate, is employed by Sir Maurice to get the documents from Onslow, who recognises him as an old offender, and is therefore murdered by the ruffian. Norman rushes in at the murder of the priest, who is his foster father, and learns that he is the eldest son of Lady Arundel by her first secret marriage with one of low birth. The documents that prove his right are placed in his hands by the dying man.

In act the fourth, we find Sir Maurice greatly annoyed at missing the documents, and persuading Gausen to be at the trysting-place at the same time with Violet, Ashdale, and Norman, and to murder both the latter. Then comes a scene between Norman and his mother, the former boldly announcing his discovery. She is horror-stricken, and at first endeavors to repel him indignantly, but is unable. She then has recourse to entreaty. He ask for her blessing, but her love for her younger son prevents her from giving it. He rushes from the stage, and she falls senseless.

The fifth act is the general wind up. Ashdale has put on Norman's hat that Violet may mistake him for her lover, and is by that very Norman rescued from the ruffians. Still the love for Violet is a cause for discord. Ashdale draws his sword upon Norman, when Lady Arundal rushes on, and owns the latter to be her elder son. Ashdale is, of course, mortified, but Norman generously burns the documents, and unwilling to disclose the history of his mother's shame, leaves Ashdale in possession of his property, and resolves to continue a seaman, blessed alone with the hand of Violet.

We have received the eighth and ninth numbers of Dr. A. H. McNair's domestic medical work entitled "*Suggestions to Parents and Others,*" they contain an account of the cause and treatment of several diseases, among which are some of the most distressing nervous affections.

For the utility and character of the work see an article in another column of to-day's paper.

Popular Lectures.

Mercantile Library Company.—William M. Meredith, Esq. delivered the lecture before the Mercantile Library Company, on Friday evening last. The subject was "Intemperance." The lecturer at once announced to the audience that he did not intend to dwell upon Physical intemperance. The intemperance of speech and action—the intemperance of military ambition, of political intolerance, the intemperance in opinions upon morals, were all dwelt upon with effect. The lecture was a short one, and it illustrated handsomely the doctrine of the lecturer. In truth, the only fault to be found with the lecture was its brevity, as we confess ourselves disciples of the old school, we could have listened to Mr. Meredith for two hours at least. We consider him one of the soundest lawyers, and the wittiest man at this bar.—There was a sort of quiet humor that shone through his whole discourse, which rendered the speaker interesting, and the lapse of time scarcely perceptible. He thought that intemperance of speech was quite prevalent among all classes and professions, "lawyers *excepted.*" It was too bad that he did not except the *ladies.*

Athenian Institute.—William B. Reed, Esq. lectured before the Athenian Institute, on Tuesday Evening last. His subject was "The romance of the Revolution." As a whole the lecture was good, but it was too long. The audience gave many signs of impatience as the lecture was protracted far beyond the time, and they had been kept waiting nearly an hour with the gaslights in *full blaze.* Mr. Reed, is a man of a fine mind, but his delivery is most monotonous. He measures off sentences, as if he were measuring tape.

His taste is not so good as his fancy; some of his pictures of the revolution were fine, and the contrast between our own, and the revolution of France was strongly drawn. But what shall we say of the taste, which prompted such an opening as the following "the curse of labor, like the curse of *tooth drawing* is upon our race." What other feelings than those of disgust could such an allusion awaken. There were passages, nevertheless in the discourse which would do honor to any mind. The death chamber of Washington, and the last scene were exceedingly impressive and pathetic. The allusion to the death bed of Napoleon, was not so good, it wanted the coloring of nature. The theme was an ample one, but the lecturer failed to do justice to the theme.

A new Poem, and a new Wife.—Thomas Campbell, the author of the Pleasures of Hope, is said to have a new poem in the press. He is fifty years of age, and yet, rumor says, is about to form a matrimonial connexion of the most eligible description.

American Securities in England.—New York State 5 per cents 1845 50, 84a5; Pennsylvania 5 per cents 1862, '64, '65, 79½a80; Ohio 6 per cents 1856 60, 85a½; Indiana 5 per cents 1861 '66, 68a70; do. sterling bonds 1863, 78a80; South Carolina 5 per cent. sterling bonds 1866, 80; Louisiana 5 per cents (Baring & Co.) 1844-47, 50, 53, 87a8; Maryland 5 per cents sterling 1859, 89; Alabama 5 per cents sterling bonds 1858 9 66, 80a2; New York city 5 per cents 76a8; U. States Bank shares 19l.a18l. 15s. U. States Bank 6 per cent. Notes, 94a½.

New Buildings.—We learn from the North American, that there have been two hundred and sixty-seven new buildings erected in the district of Spring Garden since the first of January, 1839—sixteen of which are four stories in height, one hundred and ninety-nine of three stories, thirty-nine of two stories, and thirteen one story, among which are one hundred and ninety-nine dwelling houses, one catholic church, and two meeting houses.

A Call.—The Rev. Abel C. Thomas, late Pastor of the Lombard street Universalist Society, of this city, has received and accepted an invitation to become Pastor of the First Universalist Society of Lowell, Mass.

Improvements in Southwark.—During the past season there have been five four story buildings erected in the District of Southwark, sixty-two of three stories, and thirty-two of two stories, besides a large number of frame back buildings.

Pennsylvania Coal Trade.—The Philadelphia Commercial List states that operations for the season are now nearly over in the mining districts. The supplies brought to market for the season have been as follows:—From the Schuylkill region to Nov. 1st, 391,518 tons.—From the Lehigh region to Nov. 6th, Mauch Chunk, Beaver Meadows, Hazleton, &c. 219,909 tons. From the Lackawana region to Nov. 2, 112,570 tons. From the Swatara region to Nov. 1, 26,693 tons. From the Susquehanna, Lykeh's Valley, &c. about 90,000 tons. Total, 832,983 tons.

Personal Items.

Gone to Texas.—Gov. Poindexter has removed to Texas.

He is in Health.—The Hon. Daniel Webster was in excellent health, at the last dates from Paris.

Discussion.—Professor Olmsted has consented to reply to an exposition which Mr. Espy shall make, in Clinton Hall, of his (Mr. E.'s) theory.

Catlin has Gone.—Mr. Catlin, with his incomparable collection of Indian portraits, groups, Western landscapes and aboriginal curiosities, sailed to the packet ship Roscius for London. In addition to his paintings, he likewise takes in company two grisly bears, from the Rocky Mountains. We hope the English will appreciate him.

Love's Young Dream.—Mr. Graham is lecturing at Troy on Courtship and Marriage.

N. P. Willis.—It will be seen by the following letter to the editor of the London Morning Post that Willis has been compelled to make the amende honorable. We hope yet to see him cured of his penchant for small gossip:

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Sir,—In a Morning Post of a week or two since you adopt an error from an American paper, which I trust to your candor to correct. After giving an extract from a published letter of mine, in which the Hon. Miss Pitt is described as one of the Queen's Maids of Honor, the paragraph comments upon my quoting this lady (whom I have not the honor of knowing) as an authority for some opinions which follows relative to the Queen. By reading the passage again you will observe that my mention of Miss Pitt ends with a description of her as a lady filling a marked position at the English Court, and that neither she nor any other lady is named as my authority for what follows. My absence from this country was the cause of your not receiving earlier this important correction of an error. Your obedient servant, N. P. Willis.

Death in Charleston.—The Charleston papers announce the death of William McDow, Esq. a distinguished citizen of that place.

He is the President.—James Rose, Esq. has been elected President of the South Western Railroad Bank.

Death by Fire.—A lad named Chas. S. Ambrister, was so dreadfully burned by his clothes taking fire in New York, a day or two ago, that he died in the course of a few hours.

The Vice President in Arkansas.—Vice President Johnson arrived at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 29th ult.

Another National Loss.—General Lawrence Lewis, a nephew, and the last of Washington's near blood relations, died at the seat of G. W. P. Custis, in Virginia, on the 20th inst.

How they treat Americans.—Mr. Webster was received in Paris in the most flattering manner, by the Royal family and distinguished citizens of that metropolis.

Political Intelligence.

Tennessee Legislators.—The present Tennessee House of Representatives is composed of forty-six Farmers; thirteen Lawyers; seven Merchants; five Doctors; two Tailors; one Silversmith, and one Forgeman.

Mississippi Election.—The contest in Mississippi has been unusually warm. The Van Buren party appear to have carried the State by about 1600 votes.

A General Delegate.—Gen. Van Rensselaer has been elected as the Harrisburg Delegate, from the Albany District, New York.

Massachusetts.—We learn that in Boston *twelve Whigs* were elected by a majority of 1300 and eight by a majority of 800, over the Van Buren men.

Morton's (V. B.) majority for Governor, is ascertained to be 269 over Everett. Scattering in 100 towns, (about half in the State) 300. The probable *Whig majority* in the House of Representatives will be from forty to sixty.

In the Senate, the number is now about equal, but the vacancies, some fifteen or twenty, are to be supplied by the House.

Financial Record.

Bank of the United States.—The following is a summary of the statement made by the United States Bank to the Auditor General. The statement is so voluminous that not one in ten would examine it, we therefore give the abstract. It will be seen that the surplus amounts to $4,869,909 67 over the capital and all liabilities of the Bank:

State of the Bank, Nov. 4, 1839.

Bills discounted—		
personal security,	$20,773,945 93	
bank stock,	149,076 00	
other security,	13,568,948 98	
domestic bills of ex.	4,521,669 90	
		$39,013,640 81
Loan to Commonwealth,		491,000 00
Stock account,		13,429,074 34
Pennsylvania 5 per cents,		3,072,050 52
Bonds and mortgages,		313,827 13
Real estate,		907,812 56
Banking houses,		592,090 36
Miles King, late Navy Agent,		40,144 17
Due by the United States,		5,267 34
Balance due by the State Banks,		4,619,947 74
Notes of State Banks,		9,350,838 87
Specie,		1,748,983 44
		$66,376,776 96

Capital stock,		35,000,000 00
Dividends unclaimed,		60,516 80
Agency London, &c.		8,408,632 55
Bonds to the United States,		1,966,389 04
Interest on do		134,094 76
Treasurer of the United States,		11,337 54
Depositors,		3,192,271 70
Circulation—		
late Bank,	567,046 90	
Bank United States,	4,832,383 58	
post notes,	7,016,643 18	
		12,416,073 66
Resulting balance due Bank U.S. and agencies,		489,180 56
Surplus,		4,869,909 67
		$66,376,776 96

Philadelphia Banks.—Nothing further in relation to the resumption of the Philadelphia Banks. The small notes of Delaware and New Jersey circulate freely in our city, and we have few complaints with regard to small change, although considerable difficulty is still experienced.

New York.—No change in the condition of money affairs in New York. The rates out of doors are still high, varying from 1 to 2 per cent. a month.

Kentucky Banks.—The statement of the Kentucky Banks to the 15th of October, shows the aggregate specie of the Bank of Kentucky, Northern Bank and Bank of Louisville amounts to $1,155,350 against an active circulation of $3,645,920, or 31¾ cents to the dollar, divided as follows:

	Specie.	*Circulation.*	*Per Ct.*
Bank of Ky.	$469,969	to $1,916,396	24
Northern Bank,	563,139	1,560,081	36
Bank of Louis'e,	122,256	169,861	72
	$1,155,350	$3,645,918	31¾

The immediate liabilities of the Bank of Kentucky, aside from circulation, are, to other banks $856,113, Depositors $391,361, Miscellaneous $50,583 available resources, other than specie, Bills of Exchange $1,513,165, State and City Bonds $1,605,000, due from other Banks $396,997, other bank notes $184,827, Miscellaneous $58,045. The Northern Bank owes to depositors $240,923, other banks $238,690, Miscellaneous $10,945; availables, other than specie, Bills of Exchange $1,417,140, State and City Bonds $790,000, notes and checks of other banks $161,261.

Georgia.—A bill reported in the Legislature of Georgia, at its present session, to repeal the General Banking law of the State—a law, in its principal provisions, like the New York law on the same subject—was rejected on the 14th inst, by a vote of 39 to 48.

Alabama.—To the 1st inst. the Tuscaloosa and Montgomery branches of the State Bank and the stock banks at Mobile, had not suspended specie payments. We have already noticed that the Hunstville branch had determined to hold out.

Tennessee Banks.—In the Legislature of Tennessee, a member of the House submitted the following resolution:

"*Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee,* that the Bank of Tennessee, the Union Bank, the Planters' Bank, the Farmers and Merchants' Bank of Memphis, and all other banks in Tennessee, and all their branches, are hereby required to resume and continue the payment of specie for all their obligations that are due, and as fast as they become due and are presented for payment.

"Provided that the bank of Tennessee shall not be required to resume the payment of specie forthwith unless the Union and Planters' banks will agree to resume and do resume the payment of specie at the same time."

In this shape the resolution was passed by a vote of 62 to 11.

Nashville.—The Nashville Whig says:—"We have but little to note in the exchanges. The Brokers are buying U. S. Bank notes and other Eastern funds at 7a8 per cent. Silver 7a8 do. Gold 10a12 do. Notes of the principal banks of Tennessee 2½a8 do. Kentucky 4a5 do. Indiana 4a5 do. Illinois 3a4 do. New Orleans 4a5 do Alabama, Hunstville, par a 1 dis. Decatur and Mobile 2a3 dis. Mississippi, uncertain, best banks 10a12 dis. The Bank of Tennessee continues to check at sight on Philadelphia at 3½ premium. Union and Planters' Bank at 6 months, at par. One of our brokers is drawing on Philadelphia at 8 prem. for currency."

Specie Paying Banks.—The Banks of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri—some are now paying specie and others are not. Of the Banks in Ohio which do pay specie, are the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company, Franklin Bank of Cincinnati, Lafayette Bank, at Cincinnati, Franklin Bank at Columbus, Clinton Bank of Columbus, Bank of Hamilton, the banks of St. Clairsville, of Marietta, of Zanesville, of Muskingum, of Mount Pleasant, and of New Lisbon. The Kentucky and Indiana banks do not pay specie. The State bank of Missouri, we understand, does. And we also learn that the State Bank of Illinois has suspended, and the Springfield Journal is of the opinion that the other banks have pursued the same course.

Specie at New Orleans on the 16th, 6 and 8 per cent. premium.

Specie was selling at St. Louis on the 15th at 8 per cent. premium.

Financial Arrangement.—The Bank of Virginia, at Portsmouth continuing to pay specie for its notes, the Secretary of the Navy has ordered the Navy Agent and Pursers on that station to make deposits in it. It is added that the Secretary of War will give like directions to the Paymasters of the Army.

The Specie is coming.—The steamer Pizarro, which arrived at St. Louis on the 11th, from Missouri river, brought $60,000 in specie, received at Independence, from Santa Fe.

Counterfeit Post Notes.—Counterfeit post notes purporting to be of the United States Bank, *for five hundred dollars* are in circulation. One was sent to a mercantile house in this city, by whom it was deposited in the Pennsylvania Bank. When presented at the United States Bank, it was marked as counterfeit; not so much, from a want of resemblance to the true notes and signatures of the President and Cashier, Mr. Biddle and Mr. Dunlap, as from a knowledge that notes from that plate are not out.

A Counterfeit.—The Columbia Courant states that counterfeit five dollar bills purporting to be issued by the Farmer's Bank of Reading are in circulation. They are signed Isaac Eckert, Prest. Benneville, Keim, Cash. and are payable to G. E. Ludwig. This is an entirely new issue, and not mentioned in the Detectors. So look out. The one before us is dated September 1, 1831—numbered 3086—letter 1, and is a miserable specimen of workmanship.

New Counterfeit.—Three dollar counterfeit bills on the Oneida Bank of Utica, N. Y. are in circulation.

Another Counterfeit.—Counterfeit $3 notes on the Oneida Bank, at Utica, are in circulation.

Bank of the State of Missouri.—Considerable excitement prevailed in St. Louis about the 14th instant, on account of the course pursued by the Bank of Missouri, in determining to receive and pay out nothing but its own notes, gold and silver, and the notes of specie paying banks. A public meeting was held on the 14th, and resolutions expressing much dissatisfaction were adopted.

INDIAN NEWS.

Scouting.—The Tallahassee Star speaks in high praise of the recent excursion or forage into the Seminole country, by Governor Call, at the head of 200 draughted men. The scout was an extensive and efficient one, embracing the entire country of swamp and hammock quite through to the Suwanee. The Indians have not been so hotly pursued for a long time. The troops were frequently close upon them; they fired on them once or twice; routed them from their secret hiding places, and drove them out of the district.

From Florida.—Advices from Florida to the 21st bring the melancholy intelligence of the decease at Tampa, of Capt. R. H. Peyton, Ass't. Quarter Master, of Capt. Barker, 1st Infantry, and of the lady and child of Capt. Seawell.

Those whom the Indian rifle has spared of our gallant army in Florida, and their families, disease has the present season more or less afflicted.

The Cherokees.—The latest accounts from the Southwest state that General Arbuckle persists in his demand for the murderers of Ridge to be surrendered to him, and has made a requisition on the Governors of Arkansas and Missouri for military aid.

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

Public Garden at New Orleans.—The Boston times says:—"They talk of having a public garden at New Orleans. What will they make it of? It will grow fifty young alligators to the square rod!" Yes, and bull-frogs enough to fill up the spaces between them.

Deaf and Dumb in Virginia.—The Institution for the instruction of the Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb, at Staunton, Virginia, is now open. The Spectator of that place announces the arrival there of the following gentlemen who are to take charge of it: the Rev. Joseph D. Tyler, Principal of the Deaf and Dumb, Dr. J. C. M. Merrillat, Principal of the Blind, and Mr. William Graham, Teacher of the Blind.

Poetic Doorkeeper.—Jesse E. Dow, the author of some many pieces of poetry, extensively circulated over the signature of "J. E. D." is a candidate for door-keeper to the National House of Representatives.

Trial of the Amistad Africans.—The case of the Africans of the Amistad has been postponed till the first Tuesday in January next, on account of the sickness of the interpreter, which, rendered him unable to attend. The prisoners were sent back to New Haven.

Running off with a Daughter.—In the N. York Court of Common Pleas, some days ago, Mr. J. H. Potter brought an action against his father-in-law, Mr. S. Shaw, for abducting the daughter of the latter, wife of the plaintiff. Verdict for defendant.

An Excellent Tooth Powder.—We can instruct the ladies in the use of the simplest and pleasantest tooth powder imaginable, better than all the Chlorides, and Orris washes in the world—Recipe.—Burn grains of coffee very slowly until they are carbonised—powder them, and use daily with a soft brush.

Can't Pardon Him.—Governor Seward has refused a pardon to Robert Miller, convicted at Utica for the murder of Barney Leddy.

Yellow fever at St. Augustine.—This city at the latest accounts was still sorely afflicted with the prevailing epidemic of the South. Among the deaths there have been several army and navy officers.

Price of Georgia Cotton.—New cotton was selling at Augusta, Ga. at the last dates, at 8 and 9 cents.

The Price of Flour.—Flour at Cincinati on the 20th, $4 25.

Jail Birds Flown.—On the night of the 5th inst. the jail of the parish of Iberville was broken open, and three prisoners escaped. The dungeon contained four inmates—all of different nations—there being an Irishman, a Dutchman, a Frenchman, and an American. The first three were charged with horse stealing, and the last with murder.

A Libel on "the Queen."—The Passengers by the British Queen, according to their own statement, have had a hard time of it. They come out in a card in the New York Courier and complain that the vessel was crowded to excess; that the bread and butter was wretched stuff, the water revolting to the sight and taste, and a general want of accomodation and convenience altogether unexpected. They therefore pronounce the Queen to be unworthy of the patronage of the public.

Beaver Silk.—The Inquirer notices some beautiful Silk grown and manufactured at Beaver, Pa. We learn that from four to five thousand yards of silk of the usual width and of the very best quality have been manufactured at Beaver during the present season. Some of the specimens of ribbons may be noticed as very beautiful indeed, and calculated to make the most favorable impression as to the powers of the country in this particular. We trust that the day is not remote when Silk will constitute an important feature in the manufactures of this country.

Affairs of Lower Canada.—The New York Express says, "it is intended to raise a corps of Volunteer Infantry in Quebec, for service during the ensuing winter. It is to consist of between four and five hundred men, formed into six companies, with the usual proportion of officers and sergeants, and to be under the command of Lieutenant Col. the Hon. James Hope, of the Cold stream Guards, who rendered the Queen's Volunteers, of last winter, so efficient and well disciplined a corps. It is not the present intention of Government to raise any other corps of Volunteers in Quebec."

How they manage in France.—Eighty-nine failures occurred in Paris during the month of September, for sums exceeding, in the whole 6,300,000 francs. In October, the number of bankrupts would not be much inferior, for, on the 23d, it already amounted to seventy, whose debts were estimated at 4,000,000 francs.

A Joke Exploded.—The Marquis of Waterford has abandoned his Tournament scheme.

Precious Metals.—The following were the exports, from England, of the precious metals for the week ending the 24th of October:—Gold coin to Mogadore, 400 ounces; do. bars to Hamburg, 1526 ounces. Silver coin to New York, 10,000 ounces; do. to Hamburg, 252,000 ounces; do. to St. Petersburg, 195,000 ounces; do. to Gibraltar, 3727 ounces.

Prussian Wit.—In Prussia, where the press is under the surveillance of a censorship, the conductors of newspapers are often compelled to resort to stratagem, in order to communicate to the public intelligence distasteful to the ministry. Thus the flight of Don Carlos from Spain was communicated to the inhabitants of Berlin under the guise of an advertisement announcing a donkey race.

Carter, the Lion Driver.—Mr. Carter has attracted crowds at Astley's, (London) to see him drive his lion to the top of a mountain. It is, beyond a doubt, one of the most astonishing performances that has been exhibited in this or any other theatre. The season has been extended for a month, for the express purpose of showing Mr. Carter and his exploits to the public.

Queen Vic's Intended.—Prince Albert, the suitor of Victoria, is said to have excellent spirits, to speak English fluently, and to be a very dashing, good-looking fellow.

Come from the Dickens.—A new work from the pen of Boz, is announced in the London papers as in press.

Thanksgiving.—Thanksgiving is to be observed on Thursday next in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, R. Island, Maine, and Michigan, by an aggregate of probably not less than 4,500,000 persons.

Our Border.—Gen. Scott passed through Cleveland to Detroit, about a week ago, on a tour of inspection of the military posts on that frontier. This step has been rendered necessary in consequence of anticipated movements by the Canadian patriots.

Hayti.—Letters from Hayti state that the inhabitants were prevented from assembling in any number beyond three or four, either in the public streets or private houses, under pain of being considered public conspirators.

Who wants a Newspaper?—The establishment of the Baltimore Chronicle is offered for sale.

Autumn still reigns.—New Orleans was visited with copious showers on the 15th.

Baptist Convention.—The N. Jersey Baptist Convention met at Newark last week. Receipts for Convention 1400 dollars; for foreign missions 600 dollars, and for same by agent 1300 dollars. Addition to the churches in the bounds of the Convention during the year 700.

A Young Murderer.—Godfrey Zaphe, a boy of fifteen years of age, was on the 15th inst. put on his trial at Jeffersonville, Indiana, for the murder of Valentine Christ, a play mate of his.

Another Fire in Mobile.—On the 8th inst, a fire occurred in a warehouse, with a front store on St. Francis street, at the rear of the Alabama Hotel, both in the occupancy of Messrs. Ellis & Green, and owned by G. / Wilkins, Esq. It was at first supposed to have originated from some lime in the warehouse, but was afterward believed to have been the result of incendiarism, as the fire was discovered in a part of the warehouse distinct from the lime. The losses at this fire amount to $12,000—no insurance—divided as follows: Mr. Williams, (buildings) $7000, T. Lesesne, (coffee) $2900, W. H. Kelly, (furniture) $1800, Ellis & Green, (merchandile) $1000.

The Slave Traders.—The New York Commercial alludes to the arrest of five individuals in Baltimore, charged with participation in the slave trade, says that the grand jury has sent to New York for additional evidence, and that, in compliance with an order from the U. S. District Attorney, Mr. Butler, the British Consul, has sent on documents and a seaman from one of the British cruisers.

They Could'nt Fight.—The contemplated duel between Messrs Stanley and Kennedy of North Carolina, has been prevented by the friends of the parties, by whose exertions the difficulty was adjusted in a manner satisfactory and honorable to both parties.

It won't do.—A London letter states that Gen. Henderson has not succeeded in inducing the British Government to recognise Texas. The Slavery Question was the difficulty.

Public Works in Illinois.—The proposed rail-roads and public works in Illinois comprise 1340 miles, and will cost $11,500,000.

Wheat at Wheeling.—The Wheeling Times says:—Wheat still commands 50 cents in Massillion, but buyers are unwilling to pay all cash at that. Oats and corn do not command cash at any price.

An Empty Prison.—The jail at Chambersburg is at present without a prisoner.

Close Affection.—A man in New York had his pocket picked of $300 last week by a female who threw her arms around his neck and squeezed the wallet from his pocket.

In Peace Prepare for War.—So says an Ohio paper, in mentioning the fact that a man in that State has had twenty-four children by one wife, and eighteen of them are males, now living and capable of bearing arms.

Smart Bucks.—In Lewis county, N. Y. the two opposing members of Assembly, were brothers of the name of Buck. The Whig Buck drove his antagonist off of the field.

Texas and Mexico.—"It is asserted," says the Globe, "in a late French journal, that Texas is disposed to assume one million pounds sterling of the Mexican debt due to England, on condition of the recognition of her independence by that Government, and that negotiations are now going on for that object."

Stopped his Politics.—Horace Greely, Esq. has withdrawn from the editorial chair of the New York Whig. He will for the future, devote himself exclusively to his own paper, the New Yorker.

A Steamer Sunk.—Steamer Havana, from Quincy for New Orleans, with a cargo of flour, corn, &c. sunk at island No. 21—boat and cargo total loss.

Yellow fever in Texas.—The yellow fever is said to be still raging with considerable violence at Houston. Numbers dying daily.

Southern Medical Students.—The Medical College at Charleston has 200 students.

Reduction of Postage.—A memorial to Congress for a reduction of postage, is in circulation in Boston.

Steamboat on Fire.—Steamer George Collier, bound to New Orleans, took fire while laying at Vicksburg, and was saved only by the great exertions of the crew.

The Ship Ville de Lyons.—This beautiful 'Havre Packet," for the safety of which considerable anxiety had been felt,—arrived in New York on Saturday last, having experienced head winds and a great deal of heavy and bad weather. All safe.

How the Yankees Succeed.—Mr. Woodridge, the Governor elect of Michigan, is from the town of Norwich, Massachusetts. He is said to be a talented man.

Break down the icy barriers.—The ice in the Erie canal was broken up, and a passage cleared through it before the rain storm, and moderate weather on Saturday and Sunday, and the great number of boats loaded with produce of course made their way to Albany, a circumstance of great importance to the interests of all classes of the community.

They had no right to vote.—The Grand Jury of New York have found bills of indictment against John Van Tassell and Abraham Ryerson, for illegal voting.—They were arraigned and pleaded not guilty, and were remanded for trial.

Passing Small Notes, Past Forgiveness.—In the case of S. Stettinius, found guilty of passing notes of a less denomination than five dollars in the District of Columbia, the court ordered him to be fined fifty dollars each in two cases. An appeal was made from this decision to the Circuit Court.

Here Comes the Specie.—The Cincinnati Republican states that specie to the amount of 80 or $90,000 was drawn from the Commercial Bank on the 20th inst. carried on drays to the landing, and from thence shipped to the east.

Appointments by the President.—George L. Douglass, to be Deputy Postmaster of the United States at Louisville, in the State of Kentucky, in the place of James M. Campbell, removed.

Rather Useless Freedom.—It appears that the Free Banking Law of Georgia, passed last winter, is a dead letter, a single institution only having gone into operation under it. Its provisions and penalties are strict and severe.

France's Treaty with Texas.—Gen. Henderson, who arrived at New York in the British Queen, brought over the Texan Treaty with France.

The Secretary back.—The Secretary of State has arrived at Washington, from Georgia.

This Day in New York.—Deaths in New York last week, 135.

PAYMOUTH INTERP.—Theller's says, "We know not if the treaty to be ratified or not to Fle Scott, we understand, was sent resident, owing to representations Majesty's Minister, Mr. Fox, o sions from this State into Ca know as much of the matter as and not immediately, as it be struck where they least expect ll be "go ahead" in spite of British either end of the line 45."

Sr. Louis.—We learn from the chicals that Mr. Charles Rhinesr and respectable mechanic—and s a maker of mathematical instrupassed about a year the post-office death on Sunday last, under very rcumstances. He was out upon ide of the river, a few miles from the ut issuing excursion with another e same we have not ascertained. ended, as we learn, in killing three ll deserted from his companion, after, how long is not stated; his him lifeless from a shot through his gune piece. His lacerated skull with ng joined by others, who went for of removing the body, returned to ore, when it was found that the ng, and that one of the birds had near the ne e where he was killed.

ENTS.—The President of the United ally recognised Philip Nasmyth, Vice Consul of Portugal, for New York and Connecticut, and rict of New Jersey. Also Benjamas Consul of Sardinia, for North Carolina, to reside at Charles-

DEATHNESS.—The largest man in ties holding a public office, is the ident of the New York Assembly, advises him to go up to Albany be er close, as no stage can possibly beside the Sergeant-at-Arms' time to clear a space and build a ll hold him.

ore.—Cotton is pouring into Co- of the finest quality. On Friday ,000 bales were received. The Tuscu- Flag estimates the crop of the U. ason at two millions of bales—the Orleans. The Mobile Chronicle ades, and says the Tuscaloosa Bank, ancing eight cents, will be the last, crop is only one million.

ON FOR THE WHOLE UNION.—The American Review lines of Telegraphout the Union—so as to expedite ill greater rapidity than at present and not to be behind-hand with the Europe, who, in most works of im- especially where speed is concerned. ed. The cost would be trifling, and ans people would, in the event of stablishment of this project, be able to sident's message the day of its de- Arlington. Gen. Scott's Signals and and Mr. White, member of Congress ans, and late Governor, will bring ories the Nisqually Legislature.

!—One day last week, nine attorneys ted to practice law in the several mberland county.

ALS.—The amount of tolls collected Canals this year was $613,311 76 during the amount collected in 1839 2 cents.

REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.—A young at Boston, too sedulously pursued on dozens of evenings by a young man, ntion, persisted in walking, part of with some red pepper, which, on reach- me, she threw into his face, nearly

LAND.—The House of Representa- State of Vermont passed a resolution inst. to the effect that the members ions from that State shall use their in- ence to procure the passage of a law ide for a *just distribution among the* ers of the proceeds of the Public ands." The object of the resolution is provide that the land so ceded hsidered as a common fund, for the efit of the United States, members ress, and not for the State. The reso- tion in congress should oppose any surrender the public lands to the which they are situated.

S WITH HAVANA.—The importance mmerce with Havana is shown in the of American vessels which entered that the commencement of last January ded on the 1st of March, 1839, 631 were the United States. The total tonnage was t of which 113,373 were American.

ARTION.—The citizens of New Orleans g preparations for a grand celebra- of the 8th of January, the anniversary General Jackson to be present to give interest to the fete.

ARGE OX DIED.—One of the results ing of the Legislature in the empire State, marriage of Lieut. Gov. Bradish, ng and most beautiful lady of large ion resides in Broadway, New York. ge ox died suddenly on the night of the result of the election was known. Gov. carried two votes at once—the ox and the State of Union.

RIOSITY OF AN EDITOR.—An Editor to the Ohio, in speaking of the river, ow low, it is usually his notice.

OF THE WEST.—The Cincinnati Post ment, states that Hogs, in numbers, are ed to that and other places at $4 per and a half the hundred. The San- ournal of the 1st inst. says: "No pork Large droves of hogs have been h it over the mountains. He is mad

he see us in the orange cl and of the Gulf coast at number of ade they way entrance to the

Grand Jury of ngmen John ot guilty, and

ON POCKETS.—A Mr. Saul Winfrey ket picked of $625, while among the ers assembled at the wharf, to see the British Queen arrived. A per- fond of him, crying out, "my dear he be thrown overboard," and at the ately busily busied in the search.

JUSTICE.—A few evenings since, the New Haven Herald, one of the ted Assembly, having secretted him- ber closet, was startled by a request Congress, who decided that African law ained to be administered, and which ed to the following corpus upon herself, and one of the students of Dane ected to execute the judgment. A com- ding was procured for the purpose. the culprit was ordered to stand in a bend- ow, with his arms folded (the means fe being refused) when the punishment ounced was entered, and borne with the an old offender.—nor could the human aller prevail with them to stop until ounced the full award. They then on the floor, in the middle of the ed round him, pointing and cry thief." They fled was "Mound the splattered condition of the rod had caused it bore ample testimony ergy with which it was administered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Arrival of the British Queen!

TEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steam packet British Queen arrived at New York, at 9 o'clock on Saturday night, and once landed and many passengers in a somewhat long and tedious voyage, for a steam ship. By her, and through the attentions of the gentlemanly agent of the Liverpool, Mr. Wilmer, we have files of the Liverpool and London journals to the 3d of the present month.

The news tend to a mix A all the details which possess the slightest interest for American readers.

THE ENGLISH MONEY MARKET.—The intelligence on this head is decidedly favorable.—Money was easier at the latest dates, and a better feeling prevailed. Consols left off at from 90¼ to 91¼. There is a very slight advance since our last. Bank of England Stock stood at 189. We believe the last quotation was 178. A report of the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, was circulated in the city after the arrival of the mail, but it was doubtless got up to affect the money market with nothing of the kind in the English papers.

Monthly Statement of the Bank of England, dated Nov. 2d, 1840.

Circulation,	17,612,000	Securities, 24,939,000
Deposits,	6,734,000	Bullion, 9,203,000
	£24,346,000	£27,664,000

Other Bank Circulations.

Private Banks,	£6,317,857
Joint Stock Banks,	4,167,313

Foreign stocks of every description in London, were on a low scale, and very little doing in any of them. One of the English papers states that little or no more specie can be expected from France.

THE CORN TRADE.—There was a slight decline in prices up to Nov. 2d, the latest average weekly quotation of Mark Lane being 68s. 5d. per qr.; whereas the average rate of six weeks, was 68s. 7d. The duty is 16s. 8d.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET, Oct. 29.—The arrivals of English, Irish and Foreign Wheat since Tuesday last, contain a fair supply; we have also to notice a tolerable quantity of peas from abroad, and increasing receipts of Oats, Barley and Beans. The demand for wheat during the week has been very limited, particularly, the imports of the week are only moderate. As with very fine weather since Friday, the millers have exclusively occupied with outdoor labors, the deliveries of home grown Wheat are small for the moment, and the prices of such continue to rule low; in consequence, best week supported. In the course of yesterday, several further parcels of Foreign Wheat were taken for Irish account and consumption and influenced by the improvement in London, our market this morning opened at an advance of 2d to 3d per 70 lb. on the rates of Tuesday last, for all descriptions, which, although tending to prevent any lively or considerable operations, a moderately fair extent of business was transacted. Foreign Flour was in request, and in partial instances obtained 6d. to 1s. per barrel over the terms of last week, but in English and Irish there was no amendment. Malting Barley and Beans were 1s. to 2s. per quarter dearer, and Peas supported former prices, with a good demand for each. New Oats, being in limited supply, accepted 1s. per and old fully 3d. per 45 lb. more than last week, at which both sold rather freely. Oatmeal, although more plentiful, was in good request, and brought quite as high prices as on this day se'nnight.

A report dated November 1st says:—

In consequence of the prevalence of strong east winds, the arrivals into this port between Tuesday and to-day, have been very few in number, and the supply scanty. Flour, and Oatmeal comparatively trivial. During that period the trade for all kinds of Wheat exhibited a considerable degree of animation, in the value fine and very inferior qualities, little variation was apparent, the intermediate sorts of foreign comprised in the 2d, per 70 lbs. over the rates last noted; and besides moderate sales to consumers, several cargoes were taken by speculative buyers.

The Harvest in Ireland is pronounced deficient, and much of that which is gathered in, of inferior quality, owing to the heavy rains. The crops of Potatoes will be below the average.

THE COTTON MARKET.

The Liverpool papers to the 30th, show a decline in Cotton of ¼d: all of which was lost on the 31st, and the demand was pretty brisk. The Liverpool Standard of the 1st, has the following:

"The cotton market has assumed a more animated appearance throughout the week, but without any alteration in prices; the sales on Tuesday were 2500 bales, 500 for export, and 700 on speculation; on Wednesday 4250 bales to the trade—Saturday's sale to 3d, under 600 bluart at 5¾ to 5¾; to day about 5000 bales of all kinds."

THE STATE OF TRADE.

We copy the following paragraphs from the latest papers:

MANCHESTER.—During the last three days, the additional failures have been announced both, we believe, in some degree connected with the one to which we allended on Friday, and one of them of considerable magnitude. In the course of the month, the demand for yarn was extremely limited, and the prices were not only generally lower, but exceedingly unsteady—a circumstance which has operated very unfavorably to the purchaser. Manufactured goods of all kinds were also in very limited demand, and prices a shade lower than those of Tuesday last. In consequence of the unfavorable appearances of the market, a number of orders, more of course yarn, in Oldham and the neighborhood, was held on Monday evening, when it was resolved to work only nine hours per day for the next six weeks. The establishments to which this resolution refers are, however, generally of very limited extent, and the diminution of production will not be reckoned at more than 40,000 weight a week.

ROCHDALE FLANNEL MARKET, Monday Oct. 26.—The demand for flannels is very limited, but little or no change in the prices. Wool has not been much inquired after, and its prices nearly stationary.

LEEDS CLOTHED TO PRINT.—Back Pub- New York has shared some to a stand, of the large publishing firms are dis- their hands; moral readers will probably be glad to hear that the mechanical of work will suffer most.

Large droves of hogs have been h it over the mountains. He is mad

for the purpose of being fattened.—ow- dersigned, and consequent short corn ed to stand still.

THE CLOTHED TO PRINT.—Back Pub- New York has shared some to a stand, of the large publishing firms are dis- their hands; moral readers will probably be glad to hear that the mechanical of work will suffer most.

THE MARKET.—Oct. 29.—If any thing, this was a worse market than last week, there being fewer buyers and less demand; but, although the accidental sale of one or two lots is satisfactory to know that special orders are sufficiently extensive to employ the greater part of the manufacturers. The manufacturers determinately keep from creating heavy stocks, so that prices remain firmer than could be expected, and when the demand increases, they may rise a little. The week's sales are about 2,000 pieces, while the coarser qualities remain pretty firm. A general dullness prevails the warehouses.—*Manchester Advertiser.*

A BATTLE IN INDIA.

The Dekcanverned of the Bejah Sattara—Siege of the Palace.

The English papers are full of exultation, in consequence of news from Bombay, in relation to the British possessions in India, which announces the dethronement of the Rajah of Satara. On the 23d of June, the British artillery opened a tremendous fire upon the citadel of Ghuzzee. which, it appeared by the 25th August, was commanded by a son of the Ex-King of Cabool, was specially captured.—500 of the garrison were killed and 1,000 taken prisoners. The British lost 191 in killed, wounded, and missing. The effect of this victory was the dispersion of Dost Mahomed's army, and the peaceable entrance of Shah Soojah into the capital of his dominions The British account proceeds:

"The military movements of the past month have not been confined to the army of the Indus. Two field forces have been directed to assem- ble, one composed of troops on the Bengal establishment, is ordered to rendezvous at Nusseerabad, for the purpose of attacking Jeudpore. It consists of four squadrons of native cavalry, one troop of horses, and two and a half companies of *local* artillery, with six regiments of native infantry, two companies of sappers and miners; the whole being commanded by Major-General R. Hatton. The other is commanded by Major-General Willoughby, and consists of one cavalry and two infantry brigades, with sympathetic details of artillery and engineers. The force is drawn from the Madras establishment, and will assemble at Adoni, for the reduction of Kurnool. Government appears determined to chastise the insolence of the native Princes. Our success in Afghanistan, the preparations against Joudpore and Kurnool, and the recent deposition of the Sattara Rajah, will probably induce even the most refractory to succumb. The reports circulated during the past month relative to Ava and Nepaul are rather contradictory. On the whole it would appear that the Nagualese will choose their own time to make an attack upon us, whilst, at the same time, the orders which have been issued to the General service corps in Bengal, as well as the dethronement of the Jupiar, and his majesty's first regiment in Ceylon, would induce us to believe that the supreme government intends to let the first favorable chance for chastising the insolence of the Burmese monarch."

The Bombay Times, whence these accounts are gathered, next notices the dethronement of the Rajah of Sattara. That paper says:

"A little before day break on Wednesday last, the time allowed him for the acceptance of the terms having expired without his compliance, the Resident, supported by the 8th regiment of Native Infantry and other troops, proceeded to the palace of the Rajah, and arrested his Highness, who surrendered himself at once, and was conducted with an escort to the village of Pumgaum, about seven miles from Sattara, and about eight o'clock the same morning, Appa Sahib, the ex-Rajah's brother, was proclaimed his successor, under the style and title of Shreemunt Major Shuj e Rajah Chatterpatty, of Sattara."

"Bala Sahib, a member of the Royal Family, and about twenty adherents followed the palanquins of the dethroned prince from Sattara. The present Rajah has no children, and is not to be permitted to adopt, so that the Sattara territory will, at his death, be annexed to the dominions of the East India Company."

The Bombay Times is evidently in error in connection of a passage, which occurred in our account of the 4th inst. that although the Rajah was told that the British Government was fully satisfied, that his guilt had been conclusively established, he was not required to make any acknowledgment of his criminality. The announcement would have been one which might have clouded the otherwise unsullied justice of the cause, and afforded to generous minds a justification of the Rajah's retaliation.

EARTHQUAKES IN SCOTLAND.

Shocks of earthquakes had been felt in various parts of Scotland. They had been felt in Fife, Perthshire, Edinburgh, and various other sections of that country. We annex one of the many paragraphs, with which the papers before us abound upon the subject:

PERTH, 13th Oct.—The earthquakes that have of late been agitating the south western parts of Perthshire have been extending their alarming vibrations to our Arcadian vale. Since Saturday the 12th current, repeated shocks, contemporaneous, I believe, with those at Comrie, have been felt, not only in the valley, but distinctly in the northern sections of the Ochil Hills. These mountain masses, that form the northern barrier of the vale of the Devon, seem to be the line of the centre of the subterraneous disturbance that makes them simultaneously quiver throughout all their vast extent. The most violent shock that has been felt in this quarter took place on Wednesday, the 16th, at half past two in the morning, and last night, that of Wednesday, the 21st, at the same hour. The last shock was the severest and most alarming shock of all. Families were put into confusion by it, and some left their homes in terror. Sleep was banished for the night. To the writer of this account, the sensation seemed as if two strong impulses upward—the second of which was the greater, but stronger than the first —were given to the ground, causing it to bound upward. The house seemed to reel, like a vessel mounting a lofty wave and coming suddenly on it. Half an hour afterwards a slighter shock was experienced.

It is to be remarked, that the weather, during the more violent shocks of the 16th and 21st, was very warm for the season, with a languid, still, dripping atmosphere, the clouds quite motionless, and not a breath of wind stirring, and it deserves no less to be noticed, that, previous to last night's shock, the barometer continued gradually rising, notwithstanding the coming on of rain last night, during the time of the shock, it stood at 29.70. This morning, though the rain still continues, it stands at 29.85; therefore rising. Third events, no doubt, have been in instance of earthquakes in Clackmannanshire, I believe, since the 7th day of September, 1801, which was felt there and in the north of Ireland at once. But that season was a dry clear pleasant one, with little rain: this season, on the contrary, has been remarkably cloudy and rainy—one hundred and 12½ inches of rain having fallen here since the 1st of September.

ATTACK UPON LOUIS PHILIPPE.

An attack was made upon the King of the French, on the 26th ult. by a maniac named Stephanie Girault, who threw a stone into the royal carriage, and was immediately apprehended.

AN IMPORTANT CONCESSION.

Mr. Wheaton, agent of the United States, has obtained an important concession from the Congress of German Customs. They have granted a reduction of duty on the principal article of import from the United States—which we understand to be cotton.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.

The war in Circassia appears to be going on gloriously for the cause of freedom, the Russians having been detailed in an action with the last of the Circassian Chiefs. The address of Schamyl Nicholas to General Grabbe, the Commander in Chief of the Army of the Caucasus, "contains," says the Constantinople Journal des Debats, "a struggle much more animated than the Russian Government desired up to the present time, and which, in fact, was not over, but a letter dated St. Petersburg the 10th ult. which states that the same General Grabbe, having besieged the Circassian fortress of Akoukoo for three months, at length stormed up from the Black Sea the 30th and 31st division of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and four batteries of artillery, and with them assaulted the place. The besieged made a most gallant defence, and repulsed the assailants four times.

Ultimately, however, General Galafeieif, at the head of a column, penetrated by a breach into the town; a dreadful conflict ensued which continued until between 11 and 12 o'clock at night. The Circassians themselves even matched the heroic remains of the garrison evacuated the town under the cover of the dark next day, and found them all their number 550 dead and 132 wounded the principal part of whom were recognised as deserters from the Russian army. The loss of the Russians amounted to 5630 men killed and wounded. At the moment when the Russians entered the fortress of Akuiko, Schamyls, the chief of the Circassians in the name of Tsarievitchestan, arrived to the relief of the place, but being too late for that object, he threw himself on the Russian cavalry, overthrew them, and took from them twelve field pieces which, however, after spiking them, he was obliged to abandon. The total loss of the Russians was not less than 12,000 men. It would be therefore impossible for them to resume warlike operations before the arrival of reinforcements.

ALGIERS AND CONSTANTINE.—The duke of Orleans had been received at Constantine, in October, with the greatest respect, by the native chiefs. They gave him a grand banquet, paid for by the Arabs. The cavalry of the Sahiels presented 144 dift rent dishes, in their oriental style.

Among them we find "smoked spinnock, fricassee of young lizards, and roasted rats." The Duke conferred several crosses on the chiefs, and gave them presents to the value of 4000. He is preparing a great expedition to the Morocco frontiers, near Oran. Abdelmalek, governor of Bougea, was killed, and whose death he is determined to avenge. Great mortality prevailed, since the departure of the native Princes. The court is at Algiersian, the preparations against Joudpore and Kurnool, and the recent deposition of the Sattara Rajah, will probably induce even the most refractory to succumb. The reports circulated during the past month relative to Ava and Nepaul are rather contradictory. On the whole it would appear that the Nagualese will choose their own time to make an attack upon us, whilst, at the same time, the orders which have been issued to the General service corps in Bengal, as well as the dethronement of the Jupiar, and his majesty's 61st regiment in Ceylon, would induce us to believe that the supreme government intends to let the first favorable chance for chastising the insolence of the Burmese monarch."

The Bombay Times, whence these accounts are gathered, next notices the dethronement of the Rajah of Sattara. That paper says:

"A little before day break on Wednesday last, the time allowed him for the acceptance of the terms having expired without his compliance, the Resident, supported by the 8th regiment of Native Infantry and other troops, proceeded to the palace of the Rajah, and arrested his Highness, who surrendered himself at once, and was conducted with an escort to the village of Pumgaum, about seven miles from Sattara, and about eight o'clock the same morning, Appa Sahib, the ex-Rajah's brother, was proclaimed his successor, under the style and title of Shreemunt Major Shuj e Rajah Chatterpatty, of Sattara."

"Bala Sahib, a member of the Royal Family, and about twenty adherents followed the palanquins of the dethroned prince from Sattara. The present Rajah has no children, and is not to be permitted to adopt, so that the Sattara territory will, at his death, be annexed to the dominions of the East India Company."

The Bombay Times is evidently in error in connection of a passage, which occurred in our account of the 4th inst. that although the Rajah was told that the British Government was fully satisfied, that his guilt had been conclusively established, he was not required to make any acknowledgment of his criminality. The announcement would have been one which might have clouded the otherwise unsullied justice of the cause, and afforded to generous minds a justification of the Rajah's retaliation.

EARTHQUAKES IN SCOTLAND.

Shocks of earthquakes had been felt in various parts of Scotland. They had been felt in Fife, Perthshire, Edinburgh, and various other sections of that country. We annex one of the many paragraphs, with which the papers before us abound upon the subject:

PERTH, 13th Oct.—The earthquakes that have of late been agitating the south western parts of Perthshire have been extending their alarming vibrations to our Arcadian vale. Since Saturday the 12th current, repeated shocks, contemporaneous, I believe, with those at Comrie, have been felt, not only in the valley, but distinctly in the northern sections of the Ochil Hills. These mountain masses, that form the northern barrier of the vale of the Devon, seem to be the line of the centre of the subterraneous disturbance that makes them simultaneously quiver throughout all their vast extent. The most violent shock that has been felt in this quarter took place on Wednesday, the 16th, at half past two in the morning, and last night, that of Wednesday, the 21st, at the same hour. The last shock was the severest and most alarming shock of all. Families were put into confusion by it, and some left their homes in terror. Sleep was banished for the night. To the writer of this account, the sensation seemed as if two strong impulses upward—the second of which was the greater, but stronger than the first —were given to the ground, causing it to bound upward. The house seemed to reel, like a vessel mounting a lofty wave and coming suddenly on it. Half an hour afterwards a slighter shock was experienced.

It is to be remarked, that the weather, during the more violent shocks of the 16th and 21st, was very warm for the season, with a languid, still, dripping atmosphere, the clouds quite motionless, and not a breath of wind stirring, and it deserves no less to be noticed, that, previous to last night's shock, the barometer continued gradually rising, notwithstanding the coming on of rain last night, during the time of the shock, it stood at 29.70. This morning, though the rain still continues, it stands at 29.85; therefore rising. Third events, no doubt, have been in instance of earthquakes in Clackmannanshire, I believe, since the 7th day of September, 1801, which was felt there and in the north of Ireland at once. But that season was a dry clear pleasant one, with little rain: this season, on the contrary, has been remarkably cloudy and rainy—one hundred and 12½ inches of rain having fallen here since the 1st of September.

ATTACK UPON LOUIS PHILIPPE.

An attack was made upon the King of the French, on the 26th ult. by a maniac named Stephanie Girault, who threw a stone into the royal carriage, and was immediately apprehended.

AN IMPORTANT CONCESSION.

Mr. Wheaton, agent of the United States, has obtained an important concession from the Congress of German Customs. They have granted a reduction of duty on the principal article of import from the United States—which we understand to be cotton.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.

The war in Circassia appears to be going on gloriously for the cause of freedom, the Russians having been detailed in an action with the last of the Circassian Chiefs. The address of Schamyl Nicholas to General Grabbe, the Commander in Chief of the Army of the Caucasus, "contains," says the Constantinople Journal des Debats, "a struggle much more animated than the Russian Government desired up to the present time, and which, in fact, was not over, but a letter dated St. Petersburg the 10th ult. which states that the same General Grabbe, having besieged the Circassian fortress of Akoukoo for three months, at length stormed up from the Black Sea the 30th and 31st division of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and four batteries of artillery, and with them assaulted the place. The besieged made a most gallant defence, and repulsed the assailants four times.

Ultimately, however, General Galafeieif, at the head of a column, penetrated by a breach into the town; a dreadful conflict ensued which continued until between 11 and 12 o'clock at night. The Circassians themselves even matched the heroic remains of the garrison evacuated the town under the cover of the dark next day, and found them all their number 550 dead and 132 wounded the principal part of whom were recognised as deserters from the Russian army. The loss of the Russians amounted to 5630 men killed and wounded. At the moment when the Russians entered the fortress of Akuiko, Schamyls, the chief of the Circassians in the name of Tsarievitchestan, arrived to the relief of the place, but being too late for that object, he threw himself on the Russian cavalry, overthrew them, and took from them twelve field pieces which, however, after spiking them, he was obliged to abandon. The total loss of the Russians was not less than 12,000 men. It would be therefore impossible for them to resume warlike operations before the arrival of reinforcements.

Saturday Evening Post.

Prospectus of a New Volume.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST having CHANGED ITS CONDITIONS, the paper will be brought out early in December.

An entirely new Dress.

A Series of Improvements

are contemplated, which will place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in the front rank of the best newspapers and literary journals in the land.

It will be printed on new type, upon paper made expressly to suit the engravings which generate the desired power, and thereby produce the most beautiful effect. The size of the paper will be increased to that of the largest sheet of extra superfine foolscap which is manufactured in the United States. None of the type whose name or style shall not be previously known among the printers, and which are in the highest state of preservation, and have been used by only a few of the most respectable houses in the country.

All that can be Desired.

The type, which is now coming for cut and which will be ready early in December, is of an unique, exclusively new and beautiful character, and is the only type of the kind in the United States. It is the property of but a few of the first class of printing establishments in the country, and is the only one which combines strength and compactness, with evenness and beauty. The ink, which is made with extreme care by a large and adequate supply of steam, while paper, at a distinguished manufactory. In addition to these efforts towards perfection in the mechanical department, and exterior of our paper, a corps of writers will be added to the present staff of literary and scientific strength. Our own experience, and the wishes of many of our friends, have suggested this, and we have resolved the improvement.

SEVERAL VALUABLE LITERARY FRIENDS,

well known among the criterion of science, romance, and literature, have promised their aid.

THE PAPER ITSELF

shall be the

Great Inducement to Subscribers.

As we intend wholly to discard the policy of purchasing papers and periodicals for the sake of their LISTS, we FULLY WORTH A SUBSCRIBER'S MONEY.

THE CRADLE

Vol. I

Published Every Saturday Morning.

Various are the duties of Editor
Which glisten in all the literature.

Solution to the enigma in last week's paper.
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Puzzle Sunday Morning Post.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 6th 10th and 5th, is the name of an industrious insect.

My 1st 6th and 8th, is the name of a domestic animal.

My 12th, 9th, 13th and 14th, is the name of a river in Egypt.

My 6th, 9th, and 7th, is what none of us are free from.

My 12th, 9th, 13th, 12th, and 4th, a useful medicine.

My 11th, 14th, 7th, 6th, and 4th, is the name of a City on the North of Spain.

My 1st, 14th, 10th, and 8th, a small state of the United States.

My 6th, 10th, 6th, 9th, and 7th, a distinguished enemy of Europe.

My 12th, 9th, 11th, and 7th, the noblest of quadrupeds.

My 12th, 14th, 7th, 1st, 9th, and 13th, a useful instrument of drawing.

My 11th, 7th, and 7th, is a small but useful article.

My 5th, 9th, and 7th, a small very much in use.

My 9th, 1st, and 13th, a boy's plaything.

My 1st, 11th, 6th, and 8th, is a useful part of a gentleman's dress.

My 6th, 12th, 13th, 12th, and 11th, a delicious fruit when ripe.

My 9th, 13th, 13th, 9th, 7th, 1st, 8th, and 6th, a flourishing State of the Union.

My 12th, 9th, 7th, and 14th, is the name of a valuable tree.

My 5th, 14th, and 6th, is a production of China.

And my whole is the name of a distinguished City of Europe.

C. W. J.

An answer to the above enigma is required.

APOLOGIA.—*Lucifer.*—Will you take position and confess, or? It is not my point out of order to be swung to the boats with which you wished a gun much.

TWO-TIP.—Mother, there is no occasion for so young a lady's coffee is most certainly required there to be.

The ballad referred. He immediately recollected himself, and added, "Pardon me, madam, I did not mean what I said. I meant to say, there is no shoe-string—such as it is."

Many amusing anecdotes are recorded of Sir J. Arch. On one occasion, when he met the members of the celebrated Kaikai Club, he declared that he could not eat, having many times previously attended a meal soon he grew, having once been placed on the table, and the conversation becoming more than usually animated, he found himself in the midst of a professional engagement. He found Sir Edward Sugden, who remarked, "I had my remand the decision of his poor patients." Gavin immediately pulled out his lit upon which was written these words. "It is not my intention to live for them to night or not," said he, "for one of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other are knew such good circumstances that the physicians in the world can't kill them."—*Physic and Physicians.*

CAL'ULATION.

Says Giles, "My wife and I are few,
Yes faith, I know not why, sir;"
Quoth Jack, "You're two, if I speak true:
Come, you're a cypher."

Chorus for Jolo, sit at all,
Mild, beautiful, and young;
'Tis none—but then her mouth's so small,
It cannot hold an accent.

FINIS AND START.—William Penn and Thomas Story, meeting together in Virginia, were caught by a shower of rain, and moved immediately underneath a native tree. It is not unusual in that country for which happening to be within it, assumed them with, "You have a broad seal of magnificence to your patent." "Friend," replied Penn, "I know not whether I am or not; but I am sure I have a broad seal of innocency to my commission."

IDLE STORIES.—In a room full of lawyers and gentlemen, a client requested a gentleman who was present to be silent, in ring the bell. "I never believe," said the gentleman, "a friend of mine's party in the room will do it." To saying, he rose, pulled a gold rug from his pocket, and rang the bell with one end of it. "Now, sir," said he, turning, "if it is much trouble, you may ring the bell yourself."

To love should Beauty not submit,
In vain its power it tries,
Love has a dart, if Beauty fights,
And sting, if Beauty flies.

PARADOX.—Having lost all his teeth the celebrated macaire can with the greatest difficulty. At table his room is crowded by friends, one by one of his neighbors or his servant. His days are passed entirely either in pacing up a billiards, or playing with a toy pistol. It is much seasoned when reading the Clarionet, but his eyes soon grows off and he then mists into a state of depression, the result, no doubt, of his illness, and under the malady. With his cap on his head, and his cane in his hand, he retires to the services of the church and remains plunged in deep contemplation, yet alike regard sometimes by sudden movements, as if he had met with a shock sufficient to have made him quit a good opportunity with his hat, like a man who, on taking his seat in a coach, finds that he has sat upon the wrong side of his body. The persons with which he is surrounded, and the objects which he sees, of a month, makes him sick with great difficulty. When he writes or speak he pauses from time to time, in order that he may breath on one set of his fingers, in order that he may be heard without making the great an exertion of his voice. He sometimes sleeps for hours in succession, at time no one signs with his fingers.

EPIGRAMS.

A epigram should, some contended to right lines,
For one ought to be the point either—if only one,
As much the better. Here is one framed by an old
Roman, a contemporary of Archimedes, composed into her country:

"Dear Ball, to gain money, were silence is best,
For dumb bells are fitters to open the chest."

Another, on a lady wearing the ornament of an unmarried person around her neck:

"Wilt! hang from the neck of a lady? cries Bill,
I'd sooner see my lady-love hang herself."

As to hanging, indeed, he may hang where he will:
Either is the rank, let it be by his own."

Another by Mr. Jeremiah Smith, on a couple of drake to a priest:

"I've dispensated, dear Madam, this scrap of a letter,
You'd say it's a mere nonsense is very much better.
A regular doctor no longer she looks:
A dispensary now she's a priest of cooks."

Another by a dancing-master husband upon the death of his wife:

"My two bones from my body have taken a trip,
I've started my rib, and got rid of my Hop."

And the other, by the friend of a gentleman who was engaging the decease of his wife:

"Breton, interred, heard how his Portia fell,
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as well."

A COMPLIMENT.—A Frenchman who had learned English, and who was particularly fond of the fair, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he was observed to Lady B. whose dress was fawn-colored, and that of her daughter pink—"Madam, your daughter is the flush of beauty." "Ah, monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter," replied the matron. "I only do speak the truth, and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the *grape*, and you the *vine* that *shades* her."

It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to understand his mistake.

That apt remarker, Dr. Franklin observed "the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If I had but one eye, I hope it would be a perfect one, and never neglected from heroism, nor fine furniture."

THE DESERT.—European enterprise has rendered the desert route a considerable tract in our own. In the overland route between England and India, there are two lonely lands, over the desert parts of the journey. A lady writes in the Bombay Times:—"Nothing could be more lonely nor more comfortable, than our passage across the desert; we made it in four days on the dromedaries, by stages of twenty miles, and found three or four small tents at each stage. The weather was intensely cold during the whole of the first three days, and we were glad of coats, blankets, &c. In crossing the desert we saw few trees, and I found it more agreeable to cross the desert, than I ever found travelling in India. As to any difficulties, it is quite a farce to think of them. The Courier thinks that bath linen will be fully accepted with business, by the great increase of travel. What would Abraham and Isaac have said to this?"

CONTENTED POVERTY.—Do not sigh for the world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the smallest barrel then canst get a sight of heaven.

Long time ago—
On the banks were grew the daisy,
Whiter than snow,
Lived a fountain, beautiful,
Yet won't we show:
Oh she tried in the ice so grassy,
Long time ago,
Long time ago,
Sobs and sparkles fell of water,
Long time ago,
Praise and light and prayers taught her
My love to know.
Oh did my fond lutory think her
Of me so long,
But she ran off with a tinker!
Long time ago.

That long song—It's my one. Here goes—Here; In Chamouni, where world's the ladies,

Long time ago!
Waiters, dandies, nurses, babies
All in a row,
One night I saw a monstrous creature,
Walking so slow:
"They've seen many my darling lone,"
Then turn'd to flow.
I cry'd " my observer, think not of it,
I'll be your beau."
She turned her face—twas black as tupper,
Long time ago,
There *Sculls*, sun! I a whale—*Little Gordon*.

That's pretty good, but have none for hunting the original at Gen. Horse.

Now the tales where dropped the scene,
Long ago—
In the waves that never freeze,
Where the mother-of, or sea,
A fishing set a former's daughter
Who had'nt a knee
Sinked she did, more than she engage,
Long time ago.

At the last, I gave a nibble,
Long time ago:
Since I've caught the's play'd de devil
Much to my see:
Now she makes it be high fedgeon
M I do.—

And says she contract a scaly gudgeon
Long time ago.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

DECLINE OF VEGETATION IN LAPLAND.

The London Athenæum for May 16, contains a letter from a correspondent in Sweden, who recommends the following subject for investigation:—"Has the vegetation of the warm zones advancing facts relating to the change of climate, which have taken place in Lapland in the last few years. It has long been believed that vegetation is gradually receding from the north pole (both in Europe and Asia) and large tracts of land are found under the snow, which formerly produced trees. The pine forests, where now only stumps and rotten roots of fir trees are found, are considerable. Is it not likely that the cause of this decline so perceptible as in the neighborhood of Archangel, is extending? perhaps may be noticed, years ago, a tract of land in Scotland was found under the snow, which formerly produced trees. It would be new to us here, but a few miserable mountain birch. Have also the glaciers increased? The writer, however, has no conjecturing this phenomenon with the extreme cold of the winter of 1854-55, when the north of Lapland is said to be admitted as a fact, that vegetation is on the decrease. Should any one undertake to give the question will then be, how this phenomenon can be accounted for? Is it to be attributed to local causes, or to the great increase of ice in the Polar regions? the cause of which once again be looked for in some great cosmographical change as the globe gradually settles down to its centre, the high northern regions will, in a few centuries, become uninhabitable, and the centre of Norway will be in close range of being frozen up in the same way as history narrates of Greenland."

BLUEBEARD MADE.—The aborigines of Hayti believed that men were a long time destitute of women, but happening to wander near a small lake, they saw certain females in the trees branches of the trees, which proved to be women. They attempted to catch them, but the females flew off, to get any hold of them, as they were as slippery as eels. At last they succeeded in a number of men whose hands had been rendered rough by kind of hominy, and were thus enabled to catch a few of them, from whom the world was peopled.

Franklin lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady of nearly equal age, said to him, "Dr. you and I ought to be glad that we have lived so long, and I stay here so long that I have a notion that somebody has forgotten us." "I am glad you can, madam," replied Franklin, "lest you should remind them."

TRUE ELEGANCE.

The women of Spain and Spanish America are celebrated throughout the world for the elegance of their walking. Every one of them seems to carry their veil or mantilla. Knowing it only as a fashion, we can say nothing of the taste with which they wear it; but we can say that the beauty of their walk consists: but we take it for granted that the mantilla has much to do with it, by giving to every movement a consciousness of their being admired. Indeed, we have often thought that the mantilla being worn in well made, tit art or diffidence spoilt it. It is perfection, we doubt not, of natural elegance. It is the very thing to display the women who would not require an addition or improvement. Nothing can be more graceful, nor, perhaps, not quite so confident; something as to the fact that it requires a natural support, which did that of intellectual and moral reflection, and which is the result of the absence of coarseness and violence. But all these are matters of breeding and bringing up, or, of birth, which is the same thing. We have seen the most graceful when we can get any one of them. Better than the most graceful walk is a graceful dance, in some respects, and in all, moral refinement, and we have no doubt that in every thing these qualities are very applicable to the possessors. Good walking and dancing are, indeed, the two most graceful and valuable, only inasmuch as they afford some external evidence, however slight, of a disposition and character which is the result of thought and care and grace in the natural movements of the body.

AUTUMN.

The sear and yellow leaf reminds us that another autumn is at hand. There is no subject in nature more suited to the contemplation of man than autumn. When we go back in memory to the days of our youth, and travel fields, the plunge of the mountains, hills and valleys, and streams, and forests, and there, at the time to look around our thoughts from things perishable—to turn from the ephemeral charms of earth, to the more sublimer beauties which lie beyond the grave—learn from the nature realities of a world to come, that our days will have an autumn, that we shall wither and fade like the leaf, and drop away, though we may look forward to a time when the bloom of youth shall be restored, and when the bloom of—where streams of happiness flow in tranquil beauty from a fountain whose time cannot affect.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

THE LAKES.

Extract from a Traveller's letter in the Baltimore Patriot.

One morning's walk I indulged us in the midst of Lake Huron, with one wide expanse of water all around us, and as the tide rose I noticed the water was not salt, but fresh, and found it to be in fresh water. The lake was perfectly smooth and undisturbed by a breeze. We embarked in our boat, which chased each other in long and undulating waves for miles and miles around us. And here was exhibited a beautiful spectacle, which I never recollect to have seen elsewhere. Having the sun directly astern of us, a clearly defined track was formed on each side of our boat from the dripping oars up to the horizon, and to some time attended our progress. From the agitation of the water a kind of white spray arose at our oars, it was constantly flickering and changing, and the most beautiful colors were seen in it. These were clearly sketched out, only to be painted anew by each dash of the oars, giving the most charming an momentary and fitful existence until the rain, from its increased altitude, faded any longer to be seen.

You can form no correct idea of the extent and magnificence of the lakes unless you travel among them and sailing over them. They occupy a space of 1,200 miles in length, and although the imagination will not, without aid, expand itself to the reality. Their actual dimensions have not been ascertained with perfect accuracy. The depth, which I have seen, is also differing widely in the estimates. Calculations have been made to be their depth, but these also vary. Superior, Michigan and Huron have been set down at an average of nine hundred feet; but this is thought by many to be too little; and, indeed, it must be difficult, if not impracticable, to come to a correct measurement; the rapidity made to my questions generally was, "there is no bottom to them."

A THEATRICAL STRIKE.

"Come in. What is it?"
"Can you see Mr. Patton?"
"What Mr. Patton?"
"The master of the ceremonies."
"Yes, I can see him. Now, Mr. Patton, what is the matter? Make haste, for I am busy."
"Sir, there's a strike with the children in the pantomime."
"So there ought to be, Mr. Patton, if you did your duty properly, and kept a tight hand."
"Yes, sir; but all their fathers and mothers are come, and declare they won't perform if you don't give them a rise in their salaries."
"Well, that is their choice, as you call it?"
"The fathers and mothers of the new ballet won't have the wages allowed to them unless they are increased, and the children say they won't dance if their fathers and mothers don't get more salaries."
"Then they shall not dance. Mr. Patton, I am positive at night, if the worst to happen cannot find their places in the ballet, I will fine them heavily in the morning."
"But what was that, Patton?"
"Did you hear of that, Sir? Oh, there were sixty boys, who stood on the stage under a variety of pretences, and when the curtain rose at the end of the piece, these boys were dressed, and, instead of going to bed, they all ran off the stage violently, to request the motion of the warm air which is always in the theatre, and when it had a powerful effect; but, after that, the manager reduced the water rate, that is to say, he lowered the price of the water to the ordinary rate. The boys took their places under the curtain, and when the curtain rose, and the signal for the storm, the water was engaged—instead of rain coming, it was a flood of water that struck. The hubbaboo, in a fury, assembled the actors and actresses, and the cry was said, "We won't move a peg unless you pay us a shilling a-night, for it wears out our underclothing so."
"O God, I think that must have been the deafening noise I heard last night. Mr. Patton, I'll have you know; but I will be even with them; I will fine them heavily. Let the ballet dance. Mr. Patton, thorough drought all the night. Tell them so."—*Punch.*

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

The members of the United States army don't much seem to relish their hard duty. Last Friday, the Navy over the Atlantic.

My home is on the heaving sea,
Beyond the breakers' roar,
And I never know a thought of woe,
Save when I go ashore.

Hurrah! hurrah! the sea! the sea!
And the boundless depth of the sea!

What is the life of a fighting car,
And like a merry wave,
For I wish always to be at sea,
Where the bold winds howl and rave!

And the calm, without a care,
For I'm as free as the ocean's foam,
Wide rocking as the idle air;
I sit aloft and soar,
And a-flit, I seem to become Genee and Ar,
Regardless of the gale,
I climb the slippery shrouds, borne!
And hear the ballyhoo sing out!

The woodland note is sweet to hear
Amidst the hum of birds;
But there's no music for my ear,
Like that which Ocean gives,
When first our bowpw, with every spar
"Tough strain'd" her Eagle to rage,
Mad rattling tramp, and wild hums,
Beats back the breathing surge!

They say the landsman's bosom thrills
With deeper joy than ours,
That glory crowns the nomes hills,
And happiness the bowers;
But oft! snatched seaward from the last!
Spend me the rimmies free!
And shroud-laid mast! look back, "hurrah!
Our home is on the sea!"

From the Cosmopolitan Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

Cruizing in the Last War.—No. 1.

Once more upon the waters! yet more more!
And the wild waves bound beneath my speed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!

Childe Harold.

THE STRANGE SAIL.

"There are many things in heaven and earth, Horatio, that are within our philosophy."

"Keep her to it, quarter master," shouted the first lieutenant of the gun brig Avenger, as he walked the deck.

Down it came. As if leaping from the pitchy darkness above, there was at the moment of the awful tumult of the storm, the huge wave hurled its torrent of waters upon our bows, swept the decks, swamped the boats, and left us, as with every timber quivered like a reed whirled wildly away into the darkness. Then, as the ship swung by, a lone, half-stifled shriek rose faintly on the ear, and was lost in the roar and the wailings of the hurricane.

"A man overboard!" rang across the decks. It was the last cry that stirred the air so awful a moment. It is at such times a thrilling thing, but no more so than in the calm, to look out upon and mind the bowings of the tempest. The strongest minds quail, the clearest nerves shiver, as its notes of wild alarm rose over all the din of the howling storm. But it is all gone without a cold sickness at the heart, as I thought of the poor fellow struggling in the wake of the waters, and knew perhaps that no human power could save him from his terrible doom. At such times there is a deep horror falls upon the soul, and I have seen the nonsmoked deck hushed into awfulness at the contemplation of the consequences of the tempest, peak out like a voice from the dead.

"A man overboard!" was echoed from fifty voices trembling with alarm.

Can any one tell me what I thundered the officer of the deck springing upon a gun, and peering into the darkness with the aid of his night glass, "stand by to lower away the lee-quarter whale boat, and call the watch."

The men needed no incentive. The boisterous laughter which had rung from the lips of each, had rushed to their stations, and stood eagerly awaiting the order to launch to certain death upon the waters.

"Up with the rocket," and when it rushed on high.

"Hark! was that him?—hillo!" They listened, and no answer came.

"Keep on the signal lantern,—hillo!—hillo!

"Can't you see him?"

"No."

"Can you hear any thing?"

"Nothing."

"Hillo!—hillo!"

"Hey! ah-a-y!"

"Is the buoy in sight?"

"No, sir," was the mournful answer.

"Bring here that rocket."

The line rocket hissed on high, leaving its long train of fiery light behind it, and then gracefully arching over against the pitchy sky, broke into a thousand bright sparkles, which illuminated the horizon like a shower of falling stars, and then, as they disappeared, left the darkness following in their wake, with a deeper gloom than before.

"Lower away the quarter whale boat, and call the watch."

"Ay, sir," shouted back.

The men had already had forewarns partially thickened by the bulwarks from the showers of spray which broke over the ship, and were now standing and struggled against the howl and fury of the storm. It was a fearful night. The darkness was intense, listening to the wild roarings of the hurricane as it rushed through the rattlins, or peering anxiously into the impenetrable gloom ahead. The sheets, the lurrying, the tramping of feet, and the hustle of the rain attempt to rescue the drowning man had long since subsided, and a dreadful stillness hung over the almost deserted decks, broken only by the trend of one of the watch, or the low, plaintive wail of the passing tempest. The wind overhead was tearing by, moaning and shrieking through the rigging, as if a thousand unearthly beings mourned in the

"Ay, sir," was the answer, "I was standing upon the gun when I thought I heard a cry, and looking over, I fancied I saw something like a man struggling beneath a wave. I sprang upon the bulwarks, and threw my feet firmly out and then upon them in a rain instant I was in the water. I struck out, and I struck out with all my strength, and I thought I heard the same cry, and looked around, but could see nothing. Nothing could be seen but the white caps of the billows flashing in the gloom, or the dark shadow of the storm. I began to feel that my strength was leaving me, and I struck out with all my might, and I thought I heard the cry again, and looked around over the tumult with the hand to his ear to catch the slightest sound, when there came a wave, and I was again borne high upon the waters, and I thought I saw the man struggling in the paternal cry, clothing the blood at my heart, and I struck out with new energy, and thought I heard it went by on the rushing night breeze. At last I thought I saw the man struggling in the water not more than a few yards ahead of me. I struck out with all my might, and thinking a second broadly I was upon him, I threw out my hand, and grasped the spectral hand, and I thought I felt the cold clasp of death, and I was paralyzed. I could not disentangle myself from the grasp of the spectral hand, and I struck out again